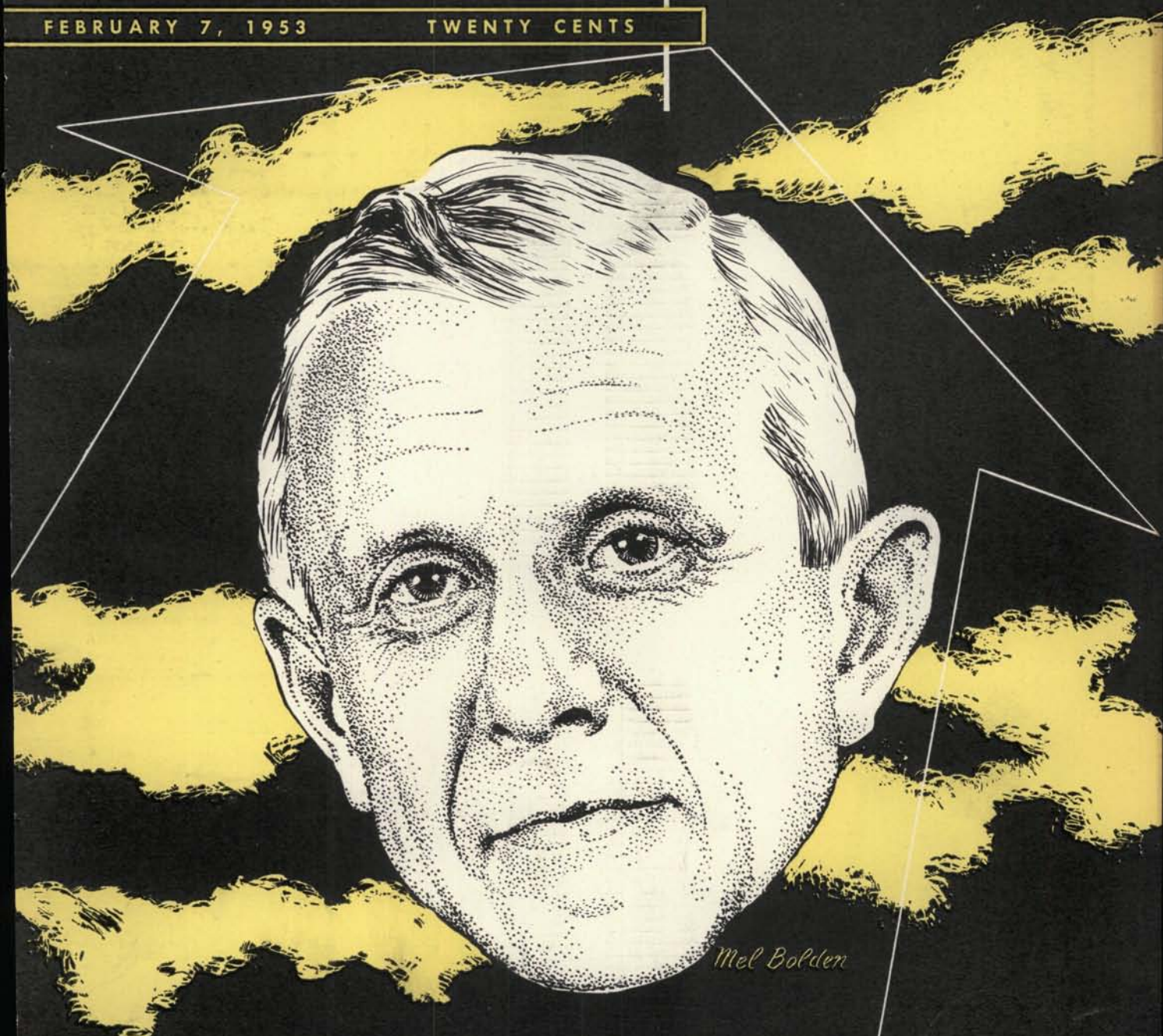
Saturday Review

THE TRUMANS LEAVE THE WHITE HOUSE

By JOHN MASON BROWN

FEBRUARY 7, 1953 TWENTY CENTS



Edmund W. Sinnott, author of "Two Roads to Truth." *(See page 12)*

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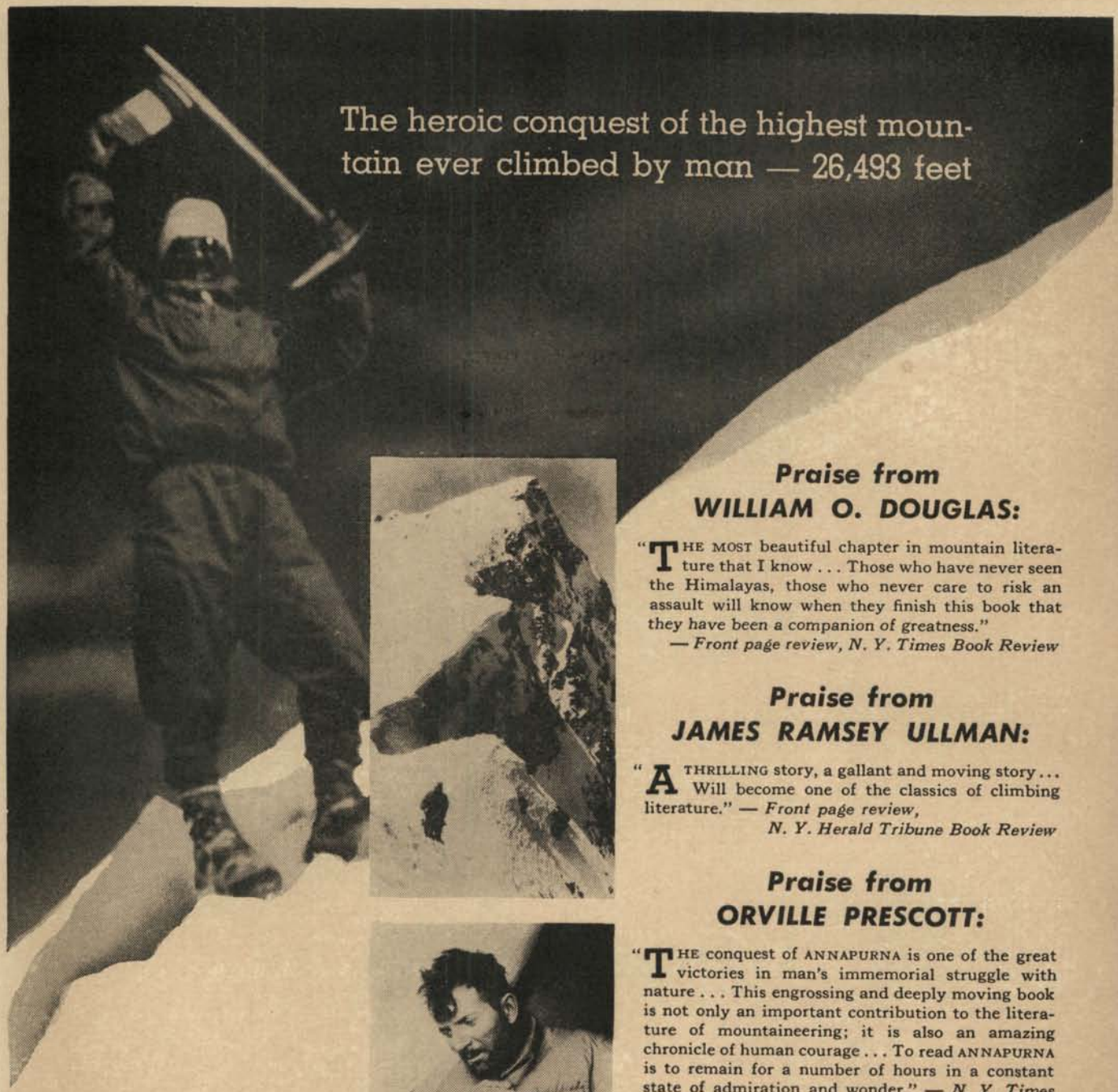

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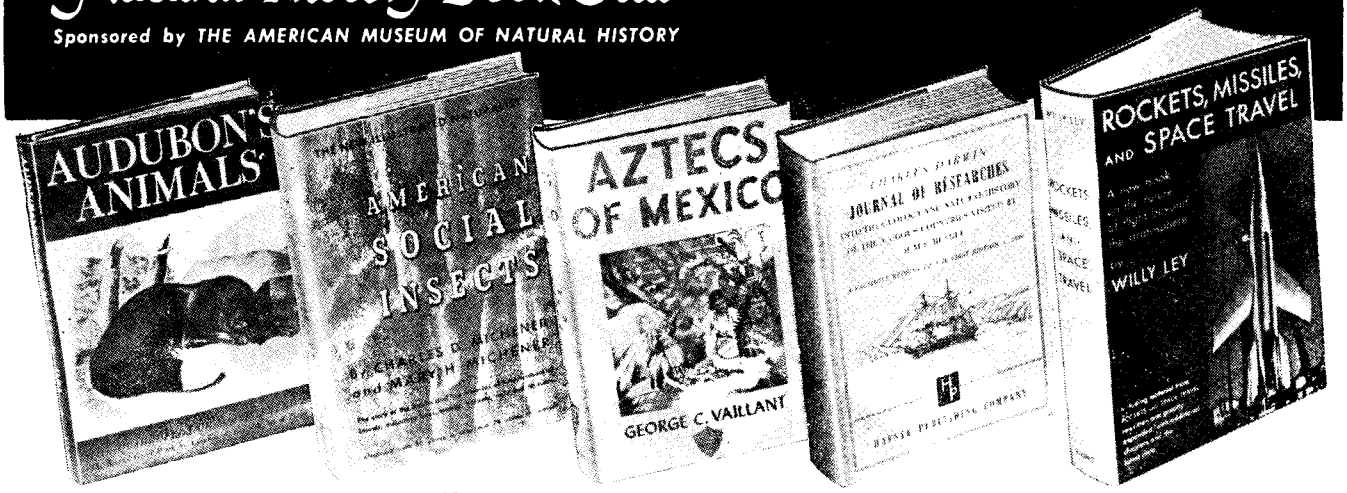

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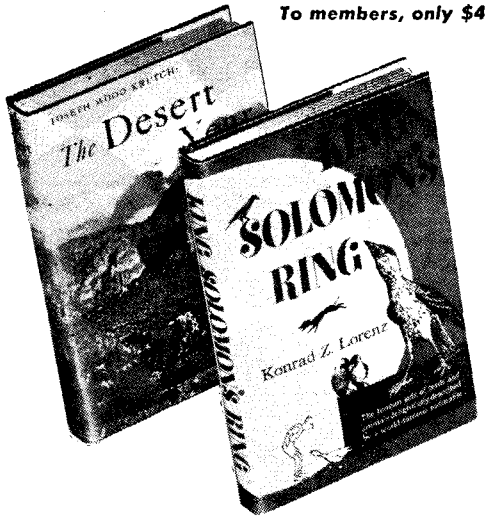

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THE SATURDAY REVIEW, published weekly by the Saturday Review Associates, Inc., 25 W. 45th Street, New York 36, N. Y. E. De Golyer, Chairman of the Board; Harrison Smith, President; J. R. Cominsky, Executive Vice President and Treasurer; Norman Cousins, Vice President; Amy Loveman, Secretary; Nathan Cohn, Assistant Treasurer and Business Manager; Robert A. Burghardt, Advertising Director; Bert Garmise, Circulation Director; Ray Goodman, Circulation Manager. Subscription $ a year; $8 in Canada. Member Audit Bureau of Circulations. Printed in U.S. Vol. XXXVI, No. 6, Feb. 7, 195 Re-entered as second class matter January 11, 1952, at t Post Office in New York, N. Y., with additional entry Philadelphia, Pa., under the Act of March 3, 1879. Index in the "Readers' Guide to Periodical Literature."

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Good News

▶ Five new workers' reading centers have been opened for 1953 in Venezuela, bringing to forty the total number of such centers. These libraries are located in major industrial areas. . . . In Mexico, seventy-eight centers to combat illiteracy have been created in the Otomi Indian villages of the Mezquital Valley. Three thousand men and women are attending the courses and learning to improve their working and living conditions.

▶ A new war has been launched but it is good news. The United States and Canada have joined forces to eradicate the destructive sea lamprey which has invaded the Great Lakes. Surveys of the damage to Great Lakes fishing have put losses in the lake trout industry alone at five million dollars a year since 1949. Government experts hope to stop the eel-like creature's invasion of Lake Superior to prevent the destruction of trout industries suffered in the Lake Michigan and Lake Huron districts.

▶ At the close of 1952 the Newsprint Association of Canada reported that world newsprint supply and demand have come into approximate balance for the first time since World War II. The estimate was based on data from one hundred countries with a combined consumption of 10,500,000 tons a year.

▶ A water-borne mobile library has been organized in Denmark to supply fishermen and farm workers isolated on the many small coastal islands in the province of Svendborg. The speedboat is equipped with some five hundred books and carries a trained librarian to advise library users.

▶ During the 1952 Christmas season thousands of Americans again demonstrated their great willingness to help less fortunate neighbors in villages, towns, and cities across the country. The following are only two of the dozens of stories published in the nation's press: On Christmas Eve, citizens of Crestwood and St. Louis, Mo., presented a widowed mother of six children with eleven thousand dollars to pay off the mortgage on her family home. The fund was raised in twenty-four hours. . . . In Newport, Ore., an Army corporal and his family returned from a Christmas shopping trip to find their three-room cabin leveled by flames. Firemen and townspeople responded immediately with gifts of cash and clothing. One neighboring family gave the soldier the temporary use of their own home.

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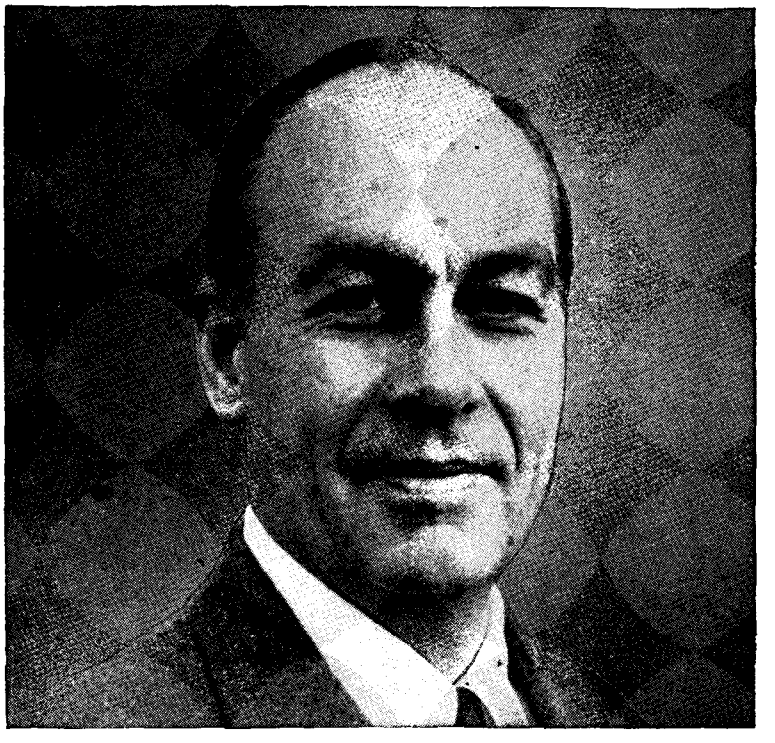

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In February Reader's Digest, you'll be interested in *Silicones—Magic Sand*—story of the new chemical family that may prove one of science's most useful gifts; *Our Children's Debt to John Dewey*—portrait of our "most complete expression of American genius," whose own children inspired progressive education; *20-page book condensation: Back Down the Ridge*—William L. White's war classic on how new medical methods are saving our wounded in Korea.

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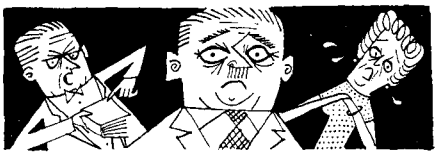
TRADE Winds

PADDINGTON EAST, the terribly clever young book reviewer for the terribly clever weekly *Smart People,* concluded his column with a note on Thomas Pringle's new mystery story. "Tastes in murder stories," noted Mr. East, "have changed five times since Mr. Pringle first began grinding out his



two contributions a year, and since Mr. Anthony Bump began publishing them—but you'd never guess it from the latest exhibit, 'The Case of the Unstriped Zebra.' Here we have not only the same old plot, the same old clichés, the same old worn-out characters—but the English, believe it or not, is even worse than usual. If we excuse Thomas Pringle for the obvious reason that he is in his dotage, what shall we say for Mr. Bump, the publisher of this garbage? Obviously, there are still a few filthy dollars to be ground out of Grade-D whodunits of this type, or the cagey Bump would have been out from under long ago. So long as the publishing business is in the hands of venal, money-grabbing vultures of his description, so long will true literature in America languish...."

• • • • •

Carter, head of the accounting department of Anthony Bump & Company, put the folders containing the firm's six-month royalty statements into the safe with a heavy sigh. "Mr. Bump is losing his grip," he told his secretary. "There was a day when he really watched his business, and a clunk like old Thomas Pringle would have been dropped from the list so fast he wouldn't have known what hit him. Now Bump has too many other interests, I guess. The last five Pringle books have lost money. The newest one didn't sell two thousand copies. And now even the quarter reprint houses won't touch him. He's through—and everybody realizes it but our precious Mr. Bump. 'Who knows, Carter,' he tells me with a silly smile, 'maybe the next one will hit the jackpot again.' Likely story! What this house needs is new editors—and new blood at the top!"

• • • • •

Dunkerville is two full hours from New York on the rickety old Putnam Division, and Anthony Bump was so tired when he arrived that he scarcely could lift the six bottles of Scotch he had bought on the way to the station. "For your birthday, Tom," he cried cheerily, pulling himself together with a mighty effort as he saw Pringle waiting for him by the dilapidated Chevvy. "Very good of you," conceded Pringle grumpily, as he reached for the bottles. "I hope you remembered my partiality for Ballantine's. And don't think that's going to get you off the hook for the terrible job you did on my last book!"

All the way up to the house Pringle enlarged upon Bump's deficiencies as a publisher. No publicity; three miserable ads in the *Times, Tribune,* and *Saturday Review;* wrong binding; wrong jacket—wrong everything, in fact. "I've stuck to you for sentiment's sake," he concluded, "but I'm no spring chicken any more, and two other houses are making mighty tempting offers. Next time you're going to have to handle me personally, Tony, or else. . . ."

"Maybe you're right," agreed Bump soberly. "Now put the car away and let me say hello to your good wife, Sarah. We can discuss the next manuscript after dinner."

Sarah Pringle was waiting for Bump in the kitchen. Tears sprang into her eyes when she saw him, and she buried her head in the folds of his tweed coat. "Oh, Tony," she wailed. "You won't give up on him now! Promise me you won't. We have so little saved! That six or seven hundred dollars he makes twice a year out of these horrible pot-boilers he sends you not only enables us to keep this house and the car, but lets him hold up his head as a live, famous author before all the townsfolk here."

"I know, I know," said the embarrassed Tony Bump. "And stop worrying. I'll publish him until he stops writing. Now wipe your eyes. I hear him coming."

"It won't be long, Tony," she promised. "Each one is harder and harder for him. But if you ever reject one, he'll die. I'm counting on you!"

• • • • •

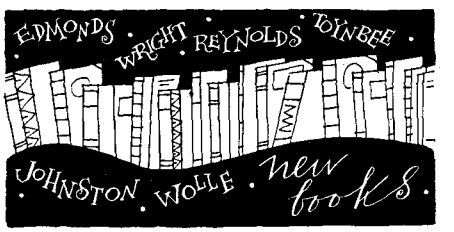
Bump took the last train down. Pringle gave him the new manuscript at the station. "I tell you again," he said before he drove off, "this is positively the last book I offer your house unless you get up on your toes and give it the promotion it deserves."

The eleven-ten was forty minutes late. The station master, who read Homer and Plato in the original Greek, and who recognized Bump from his picture, said, "I couldn't help hearing that old fraud sounding off. I know it's none of my business, Mr. Bump, but couldn't you save money by putting him on a pension and keeping that junk he writes on ice? And think of the abuse you'd avoid from smart-alec critics like that fellow East. . . ."

Anthony Bump smiled weakly. "There are still a few angles of the publishing business," he said, "that even our Mr. East fails to comprehend."

And then, in the cold, badly lit station, just before midnight, with eighty miles to ride before he got home to New York, this venal, money-grubbing vulture closed his eyes wearily, and fell into a fitful slumber.

BACK TO THE LISTS come two important novelists who have been missing too long: Walter D. Edmonds, with "The Boyds of Black River" (Dodd, Mead: February 28), and Richard Wright, with "The Outsider" (Harper: March 18) . . . . . Quentin Reynolds's "I, Willie Sutton" (February 25) is the inside story of the man who robbed banks in the mornings, escaped from jails in the afternoons, and studied classics in the evenings. . . . The first entirely new Arnold Toynbee book in over a decade, "The World and the West," is promised by Oxford for March 26. . . .The late Alva Johnston's "The Legendary Mizners," dealing with socialite architect Addison and his rascally but irrepressible brother Wilson, is due via Farrar, Straus & Young on March 19. Clark Gable is champing at the bit to play Addison on the screen—a role that Hollywoodites agree would provide his greatest field day since his swashbuckling portrayal of Rhett Butler. A highlight of the Alva Johnston book is the chapter on the fabulous Florida



real-estate boom of the Twenties. . . . If the ghost towns and mining camps of the early West are your dish, keep your eyes peeled for Muriel Sibell Wolle's "The Bonanza Trail." The Indiana University Press has scheduled it for June. . . . Richard Armour suggests a new name for writer's cramp: authoritis. I'll make rheum for it. . . . Bill Doudna, of the *Wisconsin State*

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Journal, wonders, "With all the gags current about 'Sironia, Texas,' has no one revised the oldie about the midget who committed suicide by jumping

off a copy of 'Anthony Adverse'?". . . . They have now.

HEROINE OF THE MONTH on Publishers' Row is Virginia Kirkus, the clever gal who put the finger on a plagiarist who sold a word-for-word copy of an eight-year-old book as an original manuscript to Little, Brown & Company. In case you missed the story in the daily papers, the culprit was a fellow named Robert E. Preyer, Jr., and since he's already serving a hitch in the Ohio State Penitentiary, there's not much anybody can do to him. He called his novel "Position Unknown," and Little, Brown liked it well enough to advance him $600 upon signature of a contract. Miss Kirkus, who reads about a thousand books a year and remembers every one of them, smelled a rat as soon as she began skimming through a set of advance galleys. "Position Unknown" was a dead steal from Ernest Gann's "Island in the Sky," published by Viking in 1944. Little, Brown stopped publication of their new "discovery" in the nick of time. Sympathetic fellow publishers mopped their brows and reflected that the same thing could happen to any one of them—at any time.

TWO OF THE THREE National Book Awards this year were genuine surprises. It was expected that Archibald MacLeish would win the poetry award, but anybody who had been willing to bet that Hemingway's "The Old Man and the Sea" would be nosed out by Ralph Ellison's "Invisible Man" and that Bernard DeVoto's "Course of Empire" would win the nod over Ben Thomas's "Abraham Lincoln" and Whittaker Chamber's "Witness" could have gotten odds of about fifty to one. The selections, however, are sound, defensible, and a shot in the arm for the book business in general.

The National Book Awards, in their fourth year, have come into their own. With the exception of the Nobel Prize and possibly the languishing Pulitzer nominations, they already get more countrywide attention than all the other literary contests and medal bestowals put together.

—Bennett Cerf.

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—United Press Photo.

The Trumans, making their final White House exit, greet the Eisenhowers before the inauguration—"public show of good nature."

The Trumans Leave the White House

JOHN MASON BROWN

"I AM just Mr. Truman private citizen, now."

In response to cries of "We want Harry," he had come out of Dean Acheson's Georgetown house to speak to the three hundred people, old and young, rich and poor, white and colored, but most of them misty-eyed, who had gathered there to say good-bye to him.

Twenty minutes earlier a red light at Seventh and D Streets had abruptly reminded those of us following him that Mr. Truman was no longer President. For the first time in nearly eight years an automobile in which he was riding had had to stop for traffic. There were other such stops before he and his little motorcade reached the Acheson home, and on the way other reminders.

Secret Service men, though attending him, were not clustered around Mr. Truman's car. No police escort cleared his way. Few among the hundreds of thousands who a short hour and a half before had waved and called to him, as he rode to the Capitol with General Eisenhower in a black Lincoln convertible, recognized him in the limousine which carried him and his family to the Achesons' for lunch. Two or three motorists, also going about their private business, even tried to cut into the motorcade as it neared Georgetown, not realizing it was a motorcade and unaware of Mr. Truman's presence.

The listening and the seeing world had heard and watched the proceedings just completed in the Capitol Plaza. No ceremonies which elevate mortals to power are more impressive in their pageantry than these time-honored rites in their simplicity. Compared to the medieval color and pomp of a coronation, they are as plain as the clothes Ben Franklin wore at Louis XVI's court. The spectacle of an inauguration is not a show of wealth or might or temporal grandeur. It is a reaffirmation of principles in which simple dignity replaces ostentation and is in itself a display.

The man driving through Washington unnoticed had ridden up to the Capitol as President of the United States, possessed of all the rights and powers of that office. When he appeared on the temporary platform shortly after noon the Color Guard had raised its flags in his honor and he had been greeted by "Hail to the Chief." Just before he left, less than an hour later, he had heard those familiar strains again. This time, however, the scarlet-coated Marine Band was saluting another Chief.

During that hour, against the background of the Capitol with its dome topped by the statue of Freedom, America had demonstrated its beliefs and aspirations in ways movingly American. "The Star-Spangled Banner" had been sung by a Negro woman. A Catholic archbishop, a rabbi, and a Protestant bishop had offered prayers for this land, its citizens, its new Government, and especially its new President, beseeching God, in the rabbi's words, to "keep him with great kindness" and permit us as a people "to walk always in the dignity of free men."

The new Vice President had been sworn in. So had the new President, who was as visibly moved as were his wife and the thousands on hand to watch him. Mr. Truman, sitting in front of our other ex-President, Mr. Hoover, had listened intently to President Eisenhower as he delivered his inaugural address. The actual transfer of power from Truman to Eisenhower had taken less than a minute and required a mere thirty-five words in an

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oath terrible and terrifying in the responsibility it imposes.

THE clouds had lifted on a day that threatened to be gray, and grateful people described the sunshine as being "Truman weather" or "Eisenhower weather" depending on their politics. Solemn as the event was, the cheerfulness was not all in the sky. In the difficult moments of waiting, the Trumans, Mrs. Eisenhower, the Barkleys, and the Nixons were as conversational as neighbors on a front porch. When the ceremonies were over there were handshakes and friendly partings, including a kiss from the new First Lady for Mrs. Truman. Then the Trumans slipped away to the cars assigned to take them to Georgetown. The change of Administrations had been achieved, the continuity of government guaranteed. In spite of all the bitterness of a bitter election year, one party had supplanted the other with that public show of good nature we like to feel is in the American tradition.

Behind the scenes it had not always been so easy. There was the Homburg crisis. Its origins were doubtless innocent, its repercussions unforeseen. It was created by Eisenhower's announcing quite casually in New York that he was going to wear a Homburg. Because the President had not been consulted as to his preference, to those in and about the White House this seemed a discourtesy, trivial but upsetting. Immediately toppers went out of fashion and official Washington, old and new, spent hundreds of dollars to acquire the new uniform of the day which the man who was still Commander-in Chief had not designated.

Until the President emerged from the White House on January 20 there was much speculation among newspapermen as to what he would wear. When asked this question at his last staff meeting on the day before the inauguration he repeated the stand he had taken at his final press conference three days before. His sole interest was to turn over the Presidency to his successor as expeditiously and as easily as possible, and to show the world that government in a free country changes hands without rancor. As he is reputed to have said at his final cabinet meeting the week before: "I refuse to have my last quarrel over a hat." He wore a Homburg. Since both men were for the most part bareheaded when they rode up Pennsylvania Avenue, the Battle of the Hats must take its place as one of history's less decisive and most unnecessary skirmishes.

Then there was the question of whether the Eisenhowers would call on the Trumans. Twenty years had passed since a Republican had occupied the White House, an interval long enough for precedents to have been misplaced by both parties. Such courtesy calls had often been paid in the past. Indeed, even a dinner on the night before the inauguration used to be given by the outgoing President and his wife for their successors. These dinners, endured in the name of courtesy, must have been terrible ordeals when political opponents, who had not been calling each other pretty names in public, tried to break the ice—and bread—together in private.

—*Herblock in* The Washington Post.
"He was always a guy that liked freedom."

This time no such social interchanges took place, although until the very morning of the inauguration Mr. Truman's hopes remained touchingly and almost boyishly high that a courtesy call would be paid. The Eisenhowers may have felt that they had paid their calls—she when on December 1 Mrs. Truman had shown her over her future home; he when, after his post-election vacation in Augusta, he had flown on November 18 to Washington to be briefed.

In any case, the word had spread that the General did not wish to enter the White House again until he was President. That the rumor had some basis in fact was indicated when the official party set out for the Capitol. Then the Eisenhowers, instead of going inside to meet the Trumans in the Blue Room, remained in their car at the North Portico until the President, Mrs. Truman, and Margaret came out.

There was an awkward second when it looked as if the General, at a loss for the moment and plainly embarrassed by the broadside of flash bulbs, were going to stay in the car. But at the prompt appearance of the Trumans he and Mrs. Eisenhower no less promptly stepped out to greet them. From then on these minor yet disquieting threats of friction disappeared. The greetings were cordial among the women, hesitant between the men. Almost at once, however, the President was grinning and Eisenhower was smiling as only he can.

A tape-recording of what the two men said to each other while bowing to the crowds on the way to the Capitol would be a collector's item. It would have seemed a safe bet that few conversations could be more difficult than the attempts at small talk they would make under such circumstances. When Mr. Truman, after his arrival in Kansas City, revealed the subjects touched upon, it was not surprising to learn the weather was among them. Apparently it served its purpose by leading to somewhat livelier topics. The crowds, for instance. And the orderly transition from one Administration to another.

Finally there came a question, which was followed by an answer that must have removed the sting from many a harsh word spoken before and after the campaign. As the procession approached the Capitol the General is reported to have asked, "Who ordered my boy home from Korea? He has been giving me hell about it." "I did," Mr. Truman replied. "Just tell him that contrary old man in the White House did it."

That "contrary" man in the White House, who at sixty-eight looks anything but old, had been in the most benevolent of valedictory moods throughout his last weeks as President. Certainly, during the scattered six days when I was permitted to try to absorb at first hand the atmosphere of the Executive Mansion at a moment of impending change, Mr. Truman was the least "contrary" man imaginable.

The world has long realized he enjoys the central heating of temper. Some of those close to him at the White House insisted he showed his temper but rarely. Others described his moments of irritation by saying that, very humanly if not Presidentially, his temper sometimes "got out of hand." At least one high official, a devoted admirer, conceded that, when the President exploded, he "blew like a whale."

QUICK-tempered or not, the Truman I saw just before the inauguration was as mild-mannered, long-suffering, and gentle an individual as could be encountered. In personality, conversation, and manner he bore no resemblance, even coincidental, to the

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quick-to-anger figure of popular legend or the "pour-it-on Harry" of the whistle-stop tours, famous for slugging it out with verbal brass-knuckles.

When I asked him how it felt to have his breakfast coffee curdled day after day by newspaper attacks, he said, "I've been in politics too long to be hurt by that kind of thing. I don't care what they say about me. I only get mad when they say anything against Mrs. Truman or Margaret." There was a pause. Then he added jokingly, "Come to think of it, I'm still mad at that s.o.b. music critic." Since then, even this anger appears to have cooled. At least the A. P. has reported from Kansas City that, after reading the article written by the one-time offender, Paul Hume, praising him for all he had done for music in Washington, Mr. Truman said, "Of course I'll write him and thank him for it. He can put it with his other letter."

Mr. Truman's mellowness during his final weeks as President did not mean that he believed less militantly in the services performed by his and Mr. Roosevelt's Administrations. He reviewed these services with undiminished pride in his "State of the Union" message. When asked several times if he would change anything if he had it to do all over again, his answer had invariably been "No." In other public papers he had repeated his pleas for racial and religious tolerance in the fulfilment of Government contracts and defended Federal civil servants from "reckless attacks."

To be sure, by executive order four days before he left office he had transferred offshore oil lands to the Navy. President Truman had done this not to embarrass the incoming Government but because his strong convictions persuaded him he was duty-bound to write himself and his party into the record as having done so.

In spite of these restatements of policy, there had for some weeks been a marked absence of name-calling. I mean such name-calling as had rekindled the fury of Republicans when, at a press conference in December, the President referred to Eisenhower's journey to Korea as "political demagoguery." That phrase had shocked many Democrats as well as Republicans, although Mr. Truman had gone on to say he would be "the happiest man in the world" if some good did come from the trip and he hoped some would.

Whenever I saw him, Mr. Truman was unfailingly equable and considerate of everyone on every level who worked with him or came to see him. The dreadful responsibilities he still bore, the appalling daily schedule which continued to be his, the abuse that had been heaped upon him, the annoyances of moving, the pangs of farewell, the drastically changed life that would soon face him, the uncertainties of his own future, and the verdict of history—none of these disturbed him. With the possible exception of Mrs. Truman, he was the most lighthearted person at 1600 Pennsylvania Avenue.

HE WAS spruce, alert, kindly, and inexhaustible. He held himself erect, moved briskly, and was in top-notch physical form. The long hours and merciless labors of the Presidency had left him unwearied and unworried. He had the true professional's mastery of his job and relaxation in it. Although occasionally his lips were drawn thin, as a rule he was ready to smile or laugh. Whoever talked to him had his full attention. He dominated a staff meeting or delegation not by raising his voice or bullying, but by the quiet eagerness with which he sought information or stated a decision.

Although he was no longer taking so many morning walks as he once did, he was still getting up at five-thirty or six. He was still signing a pile of documents and carefully reading four newspapers—*The New York Times* and *Herald Tribune*, *The Baltimore Sun*, and *The Washington Post*—each morning before going to his office. Thereafter he faced a daily routine until ten-thirty or later at night which would have worn out almost anyone else. Once in a while, even during these overcrowded last days, he is said to have found some relaxation in the late afternoon in paddling around in the White House pool, the water of which was kept at a higher temperature than he liked at the order of his physician, General Graham. When he could, he napped briefly after luncheon. In spite of such a man-killing routine, his physical and mental resilience was incredible. Only his eyes, as they peered through his thick glasses, looked tired at moments. They were worn out by the endless pages of small type he had to read daily.

I know that even on Inauguration Day, when I arrived at the, as yet, empty Executive Offices at nine in the morning and wandered into the waiting-room outside the President's office, I was amazed to find Mr. Truman there. "Mr. President," I asked, "isn't this awfully early?" "Not for me," he replied, "I've been up for four hours clearing my desk."

Since December carpenters had been building a reviewing stand for the Eisenhower parade just across the lawn from the North Portico. Their daily hammering might have suggested the construction of a scaffold to some occupants of the White House. Not to Harry S. Truman. From the moment he had made up his mind not to run again he had adjusted himself to the change that lay ahead.

As a politician long accustomed to the hard blows exchanged in elections (he has already been asked to write his autobiography under the title of "From Precinct to President"), he had forgotten most of the wounds he had given and received during the campaign. As a Democrat, he was

(*Continued on page 47*)

—*Acme.*

Private Citizen and Mrs. Harry Truman at his last Washington whistle-stop.

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To Finer Things

HOMER W. SMITH

IN this bleak hour when hunger, misery, and ignorance blanket a large fraction of the earth and war threatens its entire surface, the voice of pessimism is heard proclaiming that man has somehow failed his biological and cultural heritage. This failure, if such it is, stems not from any incapacity to do things, but from lack of unanimity about what to do; not from lack of knowledge how to live, but lack of reasons for living or helping anyone else to live.

In "Two Roads to Truth,"* Edmund W. Sinnott, Sterling Professor of Botany at Yale and dean of the Yale Graduate School, has spelled out one facet of this dilemma—the catastrophe which three centuries of science have wrought on the religious faiths that for so long helped to hold the Western world together. And he has sought some way by which science, confident of its methods for exploring man and nature, can be reconciled with the hopes, ideals, and aspirations of the human heart. As the name of his book implies, he does not suggest that science should lay claim to spiritual as well as the material things, but rather that science should recognize in the "religious experience" an authority that transcends scientific discipline.

The author reveals little sympathy with traditional theologies beyond the generalization that man has ever sought to understand the unknown and to see himself translated beyond time and space and given some eternal, immutable significance. Of his five chapters, the first, "Discord and Danger," deals with historical roots, and with the requirement that "unless we can clear away the venerable rubbish of the past and the bigotries of the present that so confuse our thinking, and discover a common foundation of enlightened belief and a faith on which all men can build their own philosophies, we are not worthy of the age in which we live." The second chapter, on "Religion: the Tradition of Spirit," can be epitomized in the confident assertion that "although religious experience can never offer logical *proof* of that which it maintains is true, it *needs* none. The realities to which it bears witness exist just as do any other facts of experience." "Science: The Tradition of Reason," the third chapter, deals with "relative certainties; with things distinctly seen and clearly to be described. . . . Its value as a guide to truth needs no defense." "Conflict and Solution" is concerned with historical theology and discusses some of the dogmas of the Catholic Church, which "does not stand on the main line of human destiny" and which "is the chief obstacle to a reconciliation of science and religion today, save only Communism." The final chapter, "A Common Foundation," seeks a synthesis.

The book is rich in ideas and warm in structure, always clear, and at times the phrasing and rhythm approach the poetic level. But we must be concerned with what Professor Sinnott says rather than how he says it, because his subject is one of the most important with which the human intellect can be concerned: Why should man go on living? And how?

On page after page I found myself heartily concurring with Professor Sinnott's arguments, but regrettably I cannot go all the way with him. As he says in effect, we cannot place the wager of our lives on something that fails to meet the highest and most critical standards for truth. My disagreement can perhaps be narrowed to one area, possibly to one word—materialism. Ever since Descartes, philosophy has been divided between Cartesian "dualism" and its antithesis, "materialism." Where dualism holds to the independent existence of mind and matter, materialism denies the existence of disembodied mind, and sees in mind a mode or property of matter, so that psychical processes are dependent on physical and chemical events in the nervous system. When we smell a rose, common sense argues for dualism, but when we get knocked out by a blow on the head, common sense argues for materialism.

THROUGHOUT much of the book Professor Sinnott uses "materialism" as a whipping boy, only in the end to come very close to endorsing it. The difficulty is that he does not follow the Socratic injunction to define his

*TWO ROADS TO TRUTH. By Edmund W. Sinnott. New York: The Viking Press. 241 pp. $3.50.

THE AUTHOR: In New York City the other day, Edmund Ware Sinnott (rhymes with "pin it"), white-haired, sixty-five-year-old dean of the Yale Graduate School, put in a full morning and afternoon at the Sert Room of the Waldorf-Astoria. He had a terrific cultural time. Around a vast table, before a small audience, Sinnott joined nine other men (Frederick Lewis Allen, Allan Nevins, among others) summoned by the Advertising Council to discuss "The Cultural Aspects of America." The talk ranged all over the lot; then, at 5:15 P.M. sharp, a clock-watcher on the panel announced it was time to adjourn. Outside the dense cultural atmosphere of the Sert Room, on his feet, Sinnott turned out to be a man of medium height determined to make the six-o'clock train to New Haven. He also turned out to be a man who, over the years, has been studying the conflict between reason and spirit. "It's a conflict that must be reconciled," Sinnott said firmly. It's also a conflict that Sinnott tackles out loud whenever he gets the chance, and, a few years ago, he did exactly that in a lecture at Yale. "I sent a reprint of it to Norman Cousins," Sinnott continued as the minutes ticked by, "the upshot being that I wrote an article for *The Saturday Review* called 'How to Live in Two Worlds.' Viking asked me to do a book. It was as simple as that." "Two Roads to Truth" was written in whatever spare time Sinnott could find from his duties at Yale where, in addition to being graduate dean (1,150 students), he is director of the Sheffield Scientific School. Sinnott is a leading botanist and geneticist; he teaches only one course—"Plant Morphogenesis." He has been at Yale since 1940, after twenty-five years at the Connecticut Agricultural College and Columbia. Harvard is his alma mater, however, his Ph.D. dating back to 1913. Though both a dean and a doctor, Sinnott prefers to be called neither. "Call me Mister," Sinnott said. "That's the most honorific title." An eyebrow went up as he glanced at his watch; in one motion, Mr. Sinnott scooped his grip off the floor and headed south to Grand Central and the six-o'clock train. —BERNARD KALB.

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terms. In his early chapters he shows "materialism" repudiating the great tradition of democracy that fosters the highest hopes of men as individuals. It has at last come to full fruition in the menace of Communism that staggers half the world; it is a philosophy that ignores man's spiritual yearnings, his high aspirations, and his unconquerable faiths; it is categorically dogmatic; it turns man into a machine; and it stands opposed to most of what religion has always valued.

I run no risk of the charge of dogmatism in asserting that not one of these statements is philosophically well founded or categorically true. Professor Sinnott comes closer to fact when he charges that nineteenth-century materialism was "simple and naive" because physics was simple and naive, and "matter" was a thing debased by being placed in antithesis to "spirit."

Then, after 1900, came the revolution in which the Newtonian cosmos became blurred in the theory of relativity. Democritus's "hard atoms" became blurred in quantum mechanics, nuclear physics, and probability theory. Matter became energy and energy became matter, and time was tied to both. Space became curved. The universe took on the appearance of a great atomic explosion renewing itself by perpetual and spontaneous creation. Thus, when Professor Sinnott tells us that materialism is founded "on the concept that matter is the ultimate reality and that man himself, with all he is and strives to be, must be regarded finally as nothing but a 'complex material system,'" it does not hurt quite so much, because if man is "nothing but" a complex material system, he is *also*, in G. G. Simpson's words, "The most highly endowed organization of matter that has yet appeared on earth—and we certainly have no good reason to believe that there is any higher in the universe." Peculiarly, for many people, it is less distressing to be "part of" the great atomic explosion than it was to be part of the old-fashioned Newtonian universe.

Consequently, it is not surprising to find that in this same chapter Professor Sinnott comes at last to equate materialism with humanism, wherein "God is indeed abandoned, but man is left." By the humanists, man is regarded "not as a sinful and degraded being, fallen from his previous high estate and needing to be redeemed, but as a noble animal who has struggled up the long evolutionary pathway to that exalted biological level where he can accumulate the experience of the past and thus become the heir of all the ages, moving on to heights of which he now hardly dreams. Science he sees as the bright sword of the mind, cleaving through ancient irrationalities, taboos, and dogmas that hinder the free sweep of his powers toward that more abundant life where the immense possibilities of man will come to full fruition." This is, in essence, the creed of Julian Huxley, Irwin Edman, Bertrand Russell, and many others. "Such an attitude," Professor Sinnott says, "has within it a quality deserving to be called religious, though far from orthodoxy." This humanist materialism goes back to John Dewey, who called it "naturalism" long before matter became energy and vice versa.

To many who want to see man *better* than he is, and who sincerely believe that, if science and religion could find a common ground man would actually be better for it, it seems that this common ground will have to be sought within the terms of "naturalism" (though call it materialism if you will).

But Professor Sinnott is more apt to lose than to gain aid for this synthesis by placing "intuition" on a philosophical parity with scientific knowledge, ignoring that intuition works as frequently for error as for truth, as frequently for evil as for good. Intuition can logically justify any and every end, and therefore logically it cannot be used to justify any end. And when he speaks of man's "instinctive ideas" he ignores the fact that man, of all mammals, has almost no demonstrable instincts whatever, but lives by the acquired knowledge of the individual and the race. These are not literary devices but the instruments of ontology, as when Professor Sinnott argues that man's instinctive aspirations for beauty, goodness, and divinity prove that there is something in the universe to satisfy these longings, that intuitive apprehension goes directly to reality, or that the religious experience needs no proof that that which it maintains is true. Uninstructed intuitionalism is a road to neoplatonism and intellectual chaos.

In these areas where I disagree with Professor Sinnott, "it is not because I can swim but to show that the water is really deep." We should listen to sermons not to confirm our faith but to broaden it. Whatever the road to ultimate truth—if indeed any road will ever lead there—we all believe that, by giving thought, man can stir his earthy dust to finer things.

Homer W. Smith is professor of physiology at New York University College of Medicine, and the author of "Kamongo" and "Man and His Gods."

—*Blackstone Studios.*

Frank Howley—"tough-and-cocky."

The Strong Reaction

YOUR WAR FOR PEACE. By Frank L. Howley. New York: Henry Holt & Co. 166 pp. $2.75.

By MARGUERITE HIGGINS

BRIGADIER GENERAL Frank Howley, former American commandant in Berlin, was popular with foreign correspondents because he was colorful, voluble, and courageous. So is his new book.

In the early days of the German occupation, General Howley's comments used to send shivers down the spines of some of the more cautious State Department diplomats, especially those sheltered from direct contact with Soviet negotiators. As long ago as July 1945, General Howley began learning about the Russians through the practical business of trying to cooperate with them in the administration of the city of Berlin. He decided quickly that there was no such thing as a compromise with a Soviet Communist and his new book shows he hasn't changed his mind. "Your War for Peace," written in General Howley's typically blunt and provocative manner, denounces the so-called "containment policies" of the past and suggests a more dynamic method for coping with the Soviet menace in the future.

General Howley's diagnosis of foreign policy is based on a very recent trip to Europe as well as on his war and postwar experiences. The former Berlin commandant, who is now vice chancellor of New York University, definitely addresses his book to the average man rather than to the historian or to the professional student of foreign affairs. He makes no attempt at complete documentation, but relies rather on anecdote to convey

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—J. H. K. Press Features

Budu Svanidze, with Gregory Bessedovsky—"the question of honesty is crucial."

the flavor of a country or to put across an opinion. For example, his anecdotal description of the French as individualists *sans pareil* was hilarious and, as anyone who has visited France will agree, very true.

To this reviewer, General Howley's position is weakest when he is discussing areas of the world that he has not actually visited, such as India, Yugoslavia, and Iran. Concerning Iran, for example, he indicates that the thing to do is get tough with that country in order to force its recognition of British rights to the Abadan oil refineries. But this policy would, in this reviewer's opinion (and I have just returned from Iran) accomplish just the opposite of what General Howley advocates in his book, since the Iranians, embittered by many years of British interference in their affairs, would prefer Russian Communism to the return of British authorities. But in fairness it should be pointed out that only a small proportion of "Your War for Peace" deals with second-hand impressions.

The failure of the State Department's containment policy, according to General Howley, is that it has left the initiative completely to the Russians. As General Howley puts it: "The trouble with our past actions is that we were always making plans to meet the aggressive plans of the Russians, instead of making them adjust their plans to fit ours."

General Howley advocates "a program of aggressive righteousness—a policy which will use whatever force is best calculated to serve our purposes, be they military, economic, political or psychological. Such a policy cannot be piecemeal. There is no point in being strong in Korea if we are weak at the conference table in Paris. To follow such a policy we must first build up our military might to the point where it would be folly for the Russians to resort to the use of military force. . . ."

As for the Soviets, General Howley feels that "they are out to get us and we had better get them first." Among the weapons that can be used effectively against the Soviet world, he says, are total economic boycott and encouragement of subversion in the satellites.

Here is another excerpt typifying the tough-and-cocky note of "Your War for Peace": "As part of our detailed plan, when we are ready, we should withdraw the respectability of recognition which the present criminal organization in the Kremlin enjoys. We should put an end to the farce of joyously bowing to the Russians at social functions while they stimulate warfare which is killing our people. We should close up our consulates and our embassies where we are not welcome and kick theirs out of the United States in those areas where they are simply serving espionage purposes and we should not accept insult or imprisonment of American citizens on flimsy charges."

General Howley writes very much as he talks. It may not be great prose, but it is intriguing enough to hold your attention.

Marguerite Higgins, Pulitzer prize winner for her correspondence from Korea in 1951, at one time was chief of the Berlin bureau of the New York Herald Tribune.

Old Man of Moscow

MY UNCLE JOSEPH STALIN. By Budu Svanidze. Translated by Waverley Root. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 235 pp. $3.

By Harry Schwartz

OF ALL the outstanding figures in the contemporary world, none surely presents so personally (as well as politically) mysterious a guise as Joseph Stalin. Of the flesh-and-blood man beneath the august symbol, we know surprisingly little. Is he married? What does he do for relaxation? What is the state of his health? These and a multitude of other similarly personal questions are deliberately left unanswered by the Soviet press as it seeks to hide the human feet of clay concealed by the aura of jovian infallibility.

Mr. Svanidze's book purports to offer us new and reliable information on the human being who is Joseph Stalin. As the title indicates, the author claims to be Stalin's nephew, an assertion backed in the book's introduction by one Gregory Bessedovsky, said to be a former Soviet diplomat who served in France. The body of the volume consists of the author's alleged recollections of Stalin, Stalin's behavior, and Stalin's associates on the various occasions between 1904 and 1945 when the author claims to have been in the dictator's company.

The picture of Stalin's personality drawn here is not obviously an unreasonable one. Stalin is presented as a Georgian who has never completely shaken his heritage; a devoted family man who can be and is bossed by his daughter, Svetlana; basically a simple soul who finds surcease and relaxation from his massive labors in such simple hobbies as cobbling, gardening, and hunting; an elderly gentleman who has been very sick at times during the past decade; and the like. Stalin's relations with his three wives are discussed at some length, including the assertion that his marriage to Rosa Kaganovich in the 1930's lasted only a short time—a matter on which there has been much speculation. We are even given a blow-by-blow account of Stalin cross-examining Malenkov on history, and tripping him up. The over-all impression given is that Stalin is basically a good-natured bear of a man, crude, perhaps, but also hard working and devoted to his job.

If this book were offered as a flight

Harry Schwartz, author of "Russia's Soviet Economy," is a member of the staff of The New York Times.

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of fancy, a reviewer might comment that it is a moderately ingenious and fairly interesting reconstruction of what Stalin might be like in the flesh, and be content. But this is offered as the truth, as a book giving important and useful clues for the understanding of the most powerful single individual in the world. The question of the book's honesty is therefore crucial.

On this issue, therefore, several doubts must be expressed, though this reviewer is not prepared to say the volume is made out of whole cloth. First, Mr. Svanidze shows an ability to reproduce conversations which took place almost a half-century ago, thereby lowering the credibility of his effort. Second, he asserts that Svetlana Stalin spent some time in the United States with Maxim Litvinov during the 1930's and learned English here. If so, this is most interesting, but why has there been no earlier record of such a visit? Third, Mr. Svanidze tells us that the Politburo, without Stalin's participation, made the decision to rush Kamenev and Zinoviev on trial and Stalin learned of the decision only post-facto. Possible, but it would seem unlikely.

Other similar questions could be raised without fully deciding the issue one way or the other. This reviewer can only express his regret that so reputable a publishing house as Putnam's decided to offer us a book requiring careful authentication without giving us much more evidence than is actually presented to support the assertion of the volume's reliability. Many writers have offered us other books in recent years purporting to "tell all" about Stalin's intimate life. It is comparatively easy to fabricate such accounts if one wishes. How is one to decide which of these accounts is true and which false? There is a dilemma.

Politics of the Purge

I DREAMT REVOLUTION. By William Reswick. Chicago: Henry Regnery Co. 328 pp. $4.50.

By Bertram D. Wolfe

WILLIAM RESWICK'S childhood and youth were caught up in Russia's great dream of freedom that culminated in the democratic revolution of March 1917. His parents smuggled him across the frontier just one jump ahead of the Czar's police on the eve of the uprising of 1905. As an American he returned to his native land to help in our famine relief project of the early Twenties, and then became correspondent for INS, A.P., and other news agencies. His knowledge of Russian, his sympathy with the aspirations of his people, his friendship with Premier Rykov, GPU Chief Yagoda, Politburo Member Yenukidze, Foreign Commissar Chicherin, Party theoretician Bukharin, and countless lesser figures afforded him a close-up view of events that constantly teetered on the edge of direct participation and several times kept him only one jump ahead of a far more ruthless police than the czars had ever known.

He left Russia for the last time in 1936, when the great blood purges were beginning and he knew that the two revolutions of 1917 had ended in full-blown counter-revolution. Yet he waited more than a decade and a half to write his story. The delay was in part due to the painfulness to him of the story he had to tell, and in part to his determination not to add to the perils of men he had known and loved and whose confidences he had enjoyed. The resulting book is a unique combination of eye-witness reporting, autobiography, "engaged" participation, and history-in-the making.

Read on any of these levels, it is an absorbing book. But to the historian who is trying to reconstruct the real events from the welter of partisan accounts and forged documents, it is more than interesting—it is indispensable. No other book comes as close to telling us the real program, intimate thoughts, hopes, and fears of the more humane Soviet leaders, Rykov, Tomsky, Yenukidze, Bukharin, who have come to be known collectively as the "Right-Wing Bolsheviks." No other book records so many framed-up trials—from the wholesale arrest of dentists, the Soviet bankers trial, the meat experts and the kitchen help, to the better known Shakhty, Ramzin, and Vickers, which were the dress rehearsal for the unending purges of the later period. No other book throws so much light on the inside story of Joseph Stalin's *apparat* (Party-state machine), secret police, and rise to absolute power.

Stalin began to build this *apparat* during the Civil War out of those tough Communists whose solution of every emergency was a little exemplary shooting, and disaffected persons who had some grievance against War Commissar Trotsky. As the Old Bolsheviks moved into the constructive tasks of industry, agriculture, diplomacy, and government, Stalin was left free to people his growing Party machine with kindred souls: political henchmen, careerists, criminal elements who sensed that this was the road to power and privilege, toughs who felt that force answers all problems. Fresh layers were recruited as the brutalized wild children made orphans by famine and civil war, or by GPU shootings and purges, came to adulthood. Only when Stalin was sure that this special pretorian guard was strong enough to take on the Politburo and the General Staff if need be, did he move to take absolute power and purge all the "Men of October." Of especial interest is Reswick's account of the technique Stalin developed for arresting arbitrarily some defenseless group of citizens (dentists, engineers, food handlers, meat experts, doctors) as a means of creating a general atmosphere of uncertainty and terror each time he was preparing to move against some more powerful and significant group. (That this climate of terror only sharpens the fervor of revolutionary intellectuals and the efficiency of officials—without numbing them—is one of the mysteries of thes Stalinist technique.)

Thus the eye-witness reporting rises at intervals to the level of history-in-the-making and frequently anticipates and serves to explain tomorrow's headlines. There is no well-organized skeletal plan, there are no documents and footnotes, there isn't even an index, but this is history just the same. How much it meant to the reviewer can most simply be indicated by saying that, after reading the book twice, I took upon myself the nagging task of making an index with several hundred entries.

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*Bertram D. Wolfe is the author of **Three Who Made a Revolution," and** many articles on the ideology and cultural history of the Soviet Union.*

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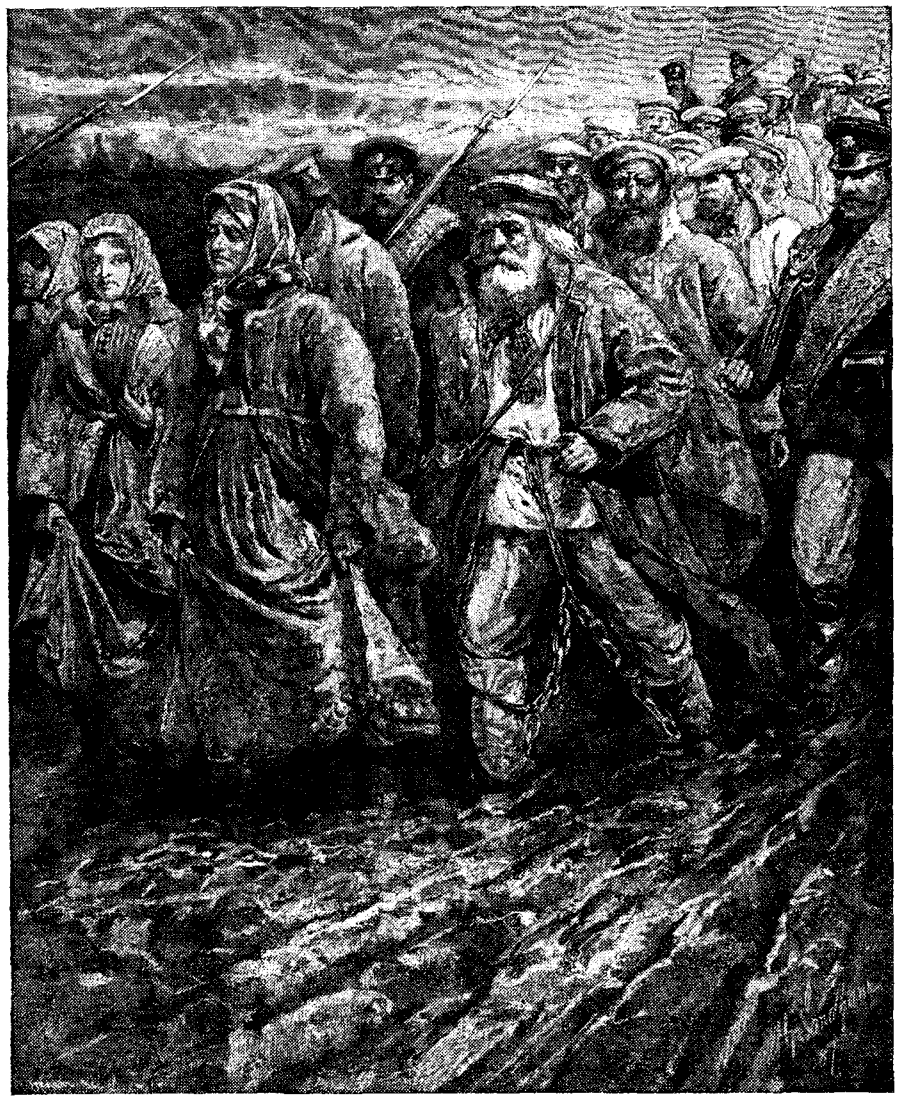

—*Culver.*

"Exiled to Siberia"—"the war was not accidental."

After Nicholas, the Deluge

THE DECLINE OF IMPERIAL RUSSIA, 1855-1914. By Hugh Seton-Watson. New York: Frederick A. Praeger. 394 *pp.* $7.50.

By Albert Parry

VERY little is reliably known in the West about the half-century or so of Russian history preceding the Revolution of 1917. Into the field, where the last inclusive book is Michael Karpovich's well-known but too-slim volume of 1932, now comes this welcome and much fuller survey. The writer is professor of Russian history at the University of London, son of the famous expert on Eastern Europe, and himself author of two valuable books on the subject ("Eastern Europe Between the Wars" and "The East European Revolution").

In the present work Professor Seton-Watson views Russia between the Crimean War and World War I as "the country within which Leninism was born," the first example of "the impact of Western ideas and Western economy on a backward social and political structure." The questions he poses in effect are: Precisely how backward was this structure? Exactly how inevitable was the revolution?

His answers are that, though backward in many important respects, the Russia of 1855-1914 was rapidly progressing. Industry and education were making great strides, the factory workers becoming more skilled, the professional class growing "larger, more influential, and less dissatisfied," and the masses drawn increasingly with each passing year to the Russian bourgeoisie "by education and economic progress." The gap between the classes and the masses was narrowing. Even peasants were going to school in ever larger numbers.

This thesis is already familiar to us from the writings of certain Russian émigrés, notably Professor Nicholas S. Timasheff of Fordham University, who briefly but concisely expressed it in the second chapter of his "The Great Retreat: the Growth and Decline of Communism in Russia." Dr. Timasheff held that, if not for World War I and its revolutionary aftermath, even the agrarian problem would have been solved, and thus the last remaining major reason for the revolution would have been removed. Dr. Seton-Watson argues against that much optimism. The disastrous war, he aptly points out, was not accidental. It was a direct result of the autocratic policies of Russia (as well as of her German and Austrian neighbors).

And the revolution was only touched off by the war. Its causes were deeper. Especially after 1905 the people's appetite for more civil liberties and socio-economic advancement came with the food of progress already won. The articulate among the Russians demanded greater freedom than they had achieved; the peasants impatiently clamored for more land than they were steadily gaining; national minorities were restless despite certain concessions to their aspirations. Dr. Seton-Watson describes all such restiveness as something less than Soviet historians usually emphasize for this era of Imperial Russia, as rather more than Dr. Timasheff and his friends concede. The blame for the tensions is placed by Dr. Seton-Watson on the political stupidity of the three last czars, typically of Nicholas II who "would not give up the absolute powers which he was so incompetent to wield," who insisted on "police rule, the supremacy of the landowner in the village, and Great Russian chauvinism." Hence the revolution: the economic and cultural progress of the nation was straining too dynamically at the outworn fetters of autocracy, and the fetters finally burst.

The author feels that this pattern of progress, clash, and crash has repeated and is still repeating itself elsewhere in the world. Herein, he says, is the chief lesson of his book to the world at large. He is right, of course. In Eastern Europe, in China, in other lands as yet unengulfed by Communism, the main outlines of this

(*Continued on page* 31)

Albert Parry, professor of Russian Civilization and Language at Colgate University, is author of "Russian Cavalcade" and other books.

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Ingenuity & Aspiration

ROBERT HALSBAND

WHAT we have lacked in recent years for serious American writing is a publishing medium that falls between the *avant-garde* of the "little magazines" and what might be called the *derrière-garde* of the mass circulation slicks. The cause is partially economic. The little magazines have been killed off by high production costs; and in order to survive, the larger magazines have had to become more and more popular. Since their prosperity like their size depends on advertising, they have had to yield to its golden embrace. On this basis an editorial policy is directed not toward maintaining an artistic integrity (which would welcome fresh, unconventional, perhaps unappetizing writers) but rather toward pleasing most of the readers most of the time. The recently published collection, "The Little Review Anthology" [*SR* Jan. 17], is a good example of how editors (Margaret Anderson and Jane Heap) put out a magazine with fearless ideals. They published some of the best writing of their day (Joyce, Yeats, Pound, Eliot, Anderson, Hemingway, Stein, Williams, Hecht), and they were bankrupt fifteen years after they started.

What has happened, then, to the serious writer today? He has been forced to step to either side of the widening gap: he has written increasingly esoteric stuff for a decreasing audience (when he can reach them), or he has produced a processed pabulum for mass readership, which is presumed to be as interested in cigarettes, laxatives, and automobiles as it is in stories and poetry. The serious monthly magazines print good stories and poetry, to be sure, but only as decoration for their main interests—which may be politics in Asia, or the waistline in Paris, or Dr. Kinsey as cad. The estrangement of the serious writer from an audience is not a new phenomenon, but it has kept pace with the increasing oppressiveness of the economic factor.

If economic forces have thus threatened the continuance of new writing, the same forces—by some law of compensation—may come to its rescue through the new paperback books. In these anthologies, with cheap production, mass circulation, and wide distribution—and with no dependence at all on advertising revenue—the new writer has a new chance. Mentor has just issued its second selection of "New World Writing"* and Pocket Books its first issue of "discovery."** They offer the writer a place where he can show variety, adultness, originality, and vigor—let the taboos fall where they may. And, presumably, he can also have readers: both of these anthologies have run off a first printing of 150,000.

Except for its fussy, uninviting cover, "New World Writing" shows great progress over its first issue. The contents are extremely varied: they include sixteen stories (several of them excerpts from novels), six critical articles, a short play, and a selection of poems. The range extends from a conventional anecdote-story by Norman Mailer to a surrealist play by Picasso, which—as superbly translated by Herma Briffault—is full of mad, whacky fun and pathos. Three pieces of fiction stand out for their originality and expressiveness. Herbert Gold's "The Prospect Before Us" is a sca-

brous study of a pair of chiselers, and although on a level of realism, it digs with such intensity that the effect is poetic. Dylan Thomas's "Adventures in the Skin Trade," about a simple boy in London's complexity, and Harvey Swados's satire-fantasy, "The Dancer," derive their richness from the fact that they start with reality and take off (so to speak) into imaginative fantasy; and the mingling of fact and fancy results in critical commentary as well as poetic effect. At the end of "The Dancer" the naive boy whose impulse to dance has been frustrated throughout his insane adventures in the big city stands poised on the fifteenth-story ledge over the crowded street: "Then he opened his arms and dove slowly through space, his hair streaming back in the summer sky, his eyes flashing silver tears, as the stone curtain of the sidewalk rose triumphantly on his final dance." The other fiction ranges from a sensitive sketch-story by James Jones to a bathetic clinical one by Leonard Bishop. No story is "patterned," and no two are similar; hence reading them is consistently stimulating.

Geographically the "world" of the title has been more literally followed than in the previous volume: there are writers from India, Denmark, the Philippines, England, and so on. The Greek poet Kazantzakis, as translated by Kimon Friar, is one of the most moving through his luxurious evocation of the world of Homeric myth. Of the critical pieces, three are, in widely different ways, excellent: W. H. Auden's notes on Grimm and Andersen show a sturdy common sense and subtlety; Charles A. Fenton's piece on Hemingway's apprenticeship as newspaper reporter on the *Kansas City Star* is refreshingly sound and solid, especially after all the pretentious nonsense that has recently been expended on him; and Alwyn Lee's analysis of Henry Miller in "The Pathology of Isolation" is devastatingly witty. The cure for the writer's sick isolation—which he diagnoses—may lie, ironically, in this very series. Under the modest editorship of Arabel J. Porter, "New World Writing" with all its faults (and virtues) is not spoiled by any preciosity, arrogance, or folderol.

"discovery," it may be said immediately, is disappointing. In general, the stories lack freshness and originality; they are such as can be read in this or that better magazine; and one does not turn the pages with the tantalizing expectancy of not knowing what will come next. Too many of its writers have aped the modern masters, and so the reader has an uneasy feeling that here, somehow, are bits of Faulkner, Farrell, Hemingway. In avoiding the patterns of the slicks they have instead followed the patterns of the off-pattern and the taboo story. The three most expert pieces in the collection show this fault: Hortense Calisher's sketch of a young married couple is cerebral, sensitive, and yet stale; William Iverson's "A Cup of Kindness" starts as a pleasant little genre piece and then explodes into murderous melodrama as neat as your favorite radio suspense program; and William Styron's long and beautifully written story tells about the sensitive soldier pitted against the military martinet. These, like a few others, are good stories, but are they "discoveries"?

Besides the stories, thirteen in all, there are four poets, none impressive

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*NEW WORLD WRITING: Second Mentor Selection. New York: New American Library. 347 pp. Paperbound, 50¢.

**DISCOVERY NO. I. Edited by John W. Aldridge and Vance Bourjaily. New York: Pocket Books. 288 pp. Paperbound, 35¢.

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enough in their brevity, and one essay (on Cleveland). No critical essays, no plays, no screwball experiments—a few of which ought to strike any adventurous editor. It all seems *déja vu*—or, more properly punned, *déja lu*. Maybe the purpose of this editorial timidity is to wean the newsstand browser with a mild formula. But again, with "New World Writing" as a comparison, one expects a more radical break with stylish new patterns. In manufacture the volume suffers from poor gluing—pages flutter out after one turning—but the format is readable, and the cover is strikingly handsome. A first try deserves some charity, however.

Although the little reviews may fall by the wayside of high production costs, and the new paperbacks may (in their various ways) try to win the Common Man to Uncommon Literature, the "New Direction" anthologies go on. At the present moment Number 14* appears, a stout hard-covered volume, priced at $5 and issued in an edition of 3,500 copies (which will not sell out for some years, to judge by the last few numbers). Its editor-publisher is generously receptive to all kinds of writing from everywhere; and so as the reader turns the pages and reads, even though he occasionally misses what is being said or meant (if anything), that is small deprivation compared to the continual spurt of fresh writing. On the solid side it contains a translation of Gide's early "Voyage of Urien" (a sort of dream allegory about his obsessive ambivalence), a brilliant essay on Herman Hesse by Oskar Seidlin, and a remarkably subtle one by M. L. Rosenthal on Muriel Rukeyser. Of the poetry printed here the longest section (fifteen poems) is given to the Greek poet Kavafis, whose imaginative reconstruction of Alexandria is a unique adventure. As an appendix to the collection Charles Henri Ford has gathered an anthology of prose poetry.

The continuance of "New Directions" (for the carriage trade) and the emergence of paperback anthologies (for the subway strap-hanger) is a hopeful sign on the literary horizon. (One remembers how in England the economic factor operates also: "Horizon" like Penguin's "New Writing" is defunct; and now even John Lehmann himself finds himself ousted from his publishing press.) And all the new writing now available points up, as a sort of paradox, that in one world of honest literary expression there are innumerable worlds of imagination to be discovered.

NEW DIRECTIONS XIV. New York: New Directions. 408 pp. Clothbound, $5. To be published February 11.

The New Comic Strip

LEE ROGOW

IN our picture-happy century it is recognized that the cartoon is a wonderful way to sell newspapers. The comic strip has taken the place of those serial stories with which Dickens and his contemporaries kept their readers coming back to the newsstands. The high cost of newsprint has led some publishers to curtail the columns in which their editorialists viewed with alarm, but of the fifteen-hundred-or-so tageblatts of the nation, hardly any but *The New York Times* and the *Christian Science Monitor* have denied their readers these daily doodlings.

At one time editors regarded their comic sections with a certain shame, as something cheap and gaudy to get the customers inside the tent. In my own day, in the elementary schools the comic strip was ranked by my teachers in the same tabooed category with chewing gum and crib notes.

The comics, of course, flourished in spite of, or perhaps because of, this disapproval. The lure of the visually-told story is irresistible. Anyone who served in World War II can report having seen a gunner turn away from a smoking piece of ordnance, pull a comic book out of his jeans, and become lost in it at once. I know many people who admit they have gone on reading "Little Orphan Annie" for years, although they detested it.

Since the comic strip has become so pervasive in our journalism, the well-balanced newspaper now offers a selection for young and old, and general types may be distinguished by the alert taxonomist. Here and there you will find a stubbornly surviving Peter Rabbit, meant to be read aloud by patient parents to pre-school-age children. Space-ships and supermen of every persuasion feed the fevered adolescent's fantasies. A group of fashion-wise girl adventurers like Dixie Dugan find favor among the pigtails and ballet-shoes sets. For Mommy and Daddy there are any number of domestic comedy sequences like Blondie and the Dripples which mine the Comstock Lode of humor involving Mommy's extravagance, Daddy's laziness, and Junior's (or Rover's) capacity for getting the entire menage into hideous trouble.

—From "Dennis the Menace."

"Once I start a book I can't lay it down until I finish it."

As national syndication has made the successful comic strip ever more lucrative, many things have happened to this simple story form. Original workers in the field have expanded the panel of the comic strip to take in matters and methods once undreamed of on the funny page. Milton Caniff, now the creator of Steve Canyon, brought to his first strips of "Terry and the Pirates" a movie director's use of angles, superb draughtsmanship, and sparkling adult dialogue. He also created a sensation in the field by killing off one of his people. The death of Raven Sherman was a comic-strip explosion which has since been attempted by other artists, but never with the same enormous national impact. Caniff, encouraged, went on to such innovations as the suggestive dissolve. The comic strips had come of age.

Another broadening of the cartoonist's horizon occurred when Ken Allen introduced the strip called "Mary Worth," and brought to the form the psychological drama. Although it has strong soap-opera overtones, "Mary Worth" deals fearlessly and intelligently with rich kleptomaniacs, neurotic mother-daughter relationships, and other matters rather subtle for a four-panel picture story.

One aspect of the modernizing of cartoon material has been the change in the traditional comic-strip kid. The lovable little mischief-maker who was Skippy, Skeezix, Freckles and his friends, Little Jimmy, has now been

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THET LOOK O' HOPELESS LONGIN' WOULD NEVAH BE ON HIS LOVELY FACE—EF HE MISSED ME.!! IT'S "FEARLESS FOSDICK" HE'S PININ' FO'----
WHY DON'T HE (SOB.) WAKE UP AN' REELIZE "FOSDICK" IS ONLY COLD PAPER-AN'-INK WHILE AH IS WARM FLESH-AN'-BLOOD??-
OH-SOB.-SOMETIMES AH WISH AH WERE A COMICAL STRIP CHARACTER!!
Capp

—From "The World of Li'l Abner."

". . . melodrama . . . humor and satire . . . and a[n] element of sex."

replaced by the happy violence of Dennis the Menace. This shrewd creation of Hank Ketcham is now trapped between book covers.* Here can be seen the latter-day comic-strip tendency toward the single panel picture with the underline joke, the *New Yorker* form which has also been widely taken up by many magazines as a means of insuring readership for the back pages of the book. And here can be seen the new young American, self-demand fed, uninhibited by birch-rod disciplines, who finds self-expression in total warfare against his natural enemies, his parents.

In a typical panel, this product of progressive child-rearing suggests to a friend, "Let's take off all our clothes and call on the neighbors. That's always good for a laugh." In another he sits atop an enormous pile of Christmas presents and demands of his parents, "Is that all?"

ALL of these innovations have considerably enlarged the range of the comic strip, but in each case what was involved was an advancement of popular storytelling and fun-making. The more interesting development in comic strips has been the growth of an intellectual cult around a couple of the leading satirical strips of our day. Here, in the opinion of some enthusiasts, the comic passes from the popular story form to art, the daily strip makes the equivalent of the transition from Our Gang and Keystone Cops to Charlie Chaplin.

There must have been dozens of raconteurs spinning tales about heroes in the forums of Greece. Homer made these stories of the street into an art. Perhaps in the likes of Walt Kelly ("Pogo") and Al Capp ("Li'l Abner") we have hit a Homer in the comics.

John Steinbeck suggests as much in his introduction to a new collection of Capp's sequences entitled "The World of Li'l Abner," published by Farrar, Straus & Young "with hard covers and dignity," and simultaneously by Ballantine Books "with soft covers and dignity."* Steinbeck freely contends that Capp is possibly the best writer in the world today, the best satirist since Laurence Sterne, and on a level with Cervantes and Rabelais.

In a foreword by Charles Chaplin (this book has an introduction, a foreword, and a preface) we're reminded that Li'l Abner is a specialist in "playful pain," which Max Eastman says is the basis of all humor and drama. (The gifted screen comedian's writing, by the way, appears as sententious as that of the Chaplin cultists who attempt to prove that the maximum catharsis occurs when Charlie Chaplin pushes Martha Raye out of a rowboat.)

In the preface to his book, Capp examines his own formula and suggests why he has been able to create such an extraordinary popular success with a strip which has also found acceptance among the highest brows and the deepest thinkers. The key word, he says, is SUSPENSE. (The caps are Capp's.) Li'l Abner's daddy has discovered he can satirize the manners and morals of our times, and even knock the Government in this touchy era, as long as he plunges his simple-minded Dogpatchers into melodramatic situations and monstrous tribulations. The melodrama pleases the masses, the humor and satire please the classes, and there is a good strong element of sex to ginger up the aficionados of this particular sport on every level.

"The World of Li'l Abner" is a pleasant book to have at hand, for it presents a selection of Capp's best sequences to remind us of the days when his creative imagination was as fresh and as funny as the comic strip has ever produced. In recent years there has been more vulgarity and less wit in "Li'l Abner," but there's no blinking the fact that when "Abner" was great it was a delightfully satiric and inventive form of popular literature.

We must thank Capp for such inventions as the Shmoo, which is so good that it is bad for people, and for the comic strip within a comic strip, in which he has conducted mad lampoons of "Dick Tracy," "Little Orphan Annie," and the whole comic-strip form.

Can the comic strip be art? Are the intellectuals who cheer "Abner" out of line? My answer is that it is certainly art, like the cartoons of Daumier, the epigrams of Martial, and the children's records of George Kleinsinger. As Steinbeck points out, Capp's way with language is as extravagantly vital as Mark Twain's. Marryin' Sam's prospectus for the eight-dollar wedding surely ranks with the raftsman's boast from "Life

*DENNIS THE MENACE. By Hank Ketcham. New York: Henry Holt & Co. $1.

*THE WORLD OF LI'L ABNER. By Al Capp. New York: Farrar, Straus & Young. Clothbound, $1.50. New York: Ballantine Books. Paperbound, 35¢.

New Fiction

The titles described below have just been published. In many instances the books are reviewed in this issue or will be in forthcoming numbers.

A BUYER'S MARKET. By Anthony Powell. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $3. Despite the economic-sounding title, this is fiction, continuing the author's earlier novel "A Question of Upbringing" and characterizing the late Twenties by detailing the lives of several persons.

DRAW NEAR TO BATTLE. By Jere Wheelwright. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $3.50. Ridgely Howard, a belligerent chap at heart, manages to embroil himself on various battle fronts, wavering between allegiance to Napoleon and the Royalist opposition.

THE FIFTH GENERATION. By Dante Arfelli. Translated by Adrienne Foulke. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $3.50. The life of an Italian village is detailed in its political, economic, and human drama in the years surrounding the last war. Inevitable features of this social novel are informers, poverty, revenge, and unhappy romance.

ONLY THE UNAFRAID. By Ronald Kirkbride. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. $3.50. How some Quakers attempted to establish a farm co-op down South in the midst of uncooperative neighbors. Persistency finally wins over adversity in this sequel to the author's well-known "Winds, Blow Gently."

MRS. HULETT. By Bertram Bloch. New York: Doubleday & Co. $3.50. Mr. Bloch pours some of his own experience as a playwright into a cast of characters who are busy living lives as tangled offstage as those in which they emote professionally onstage.

—S. M.

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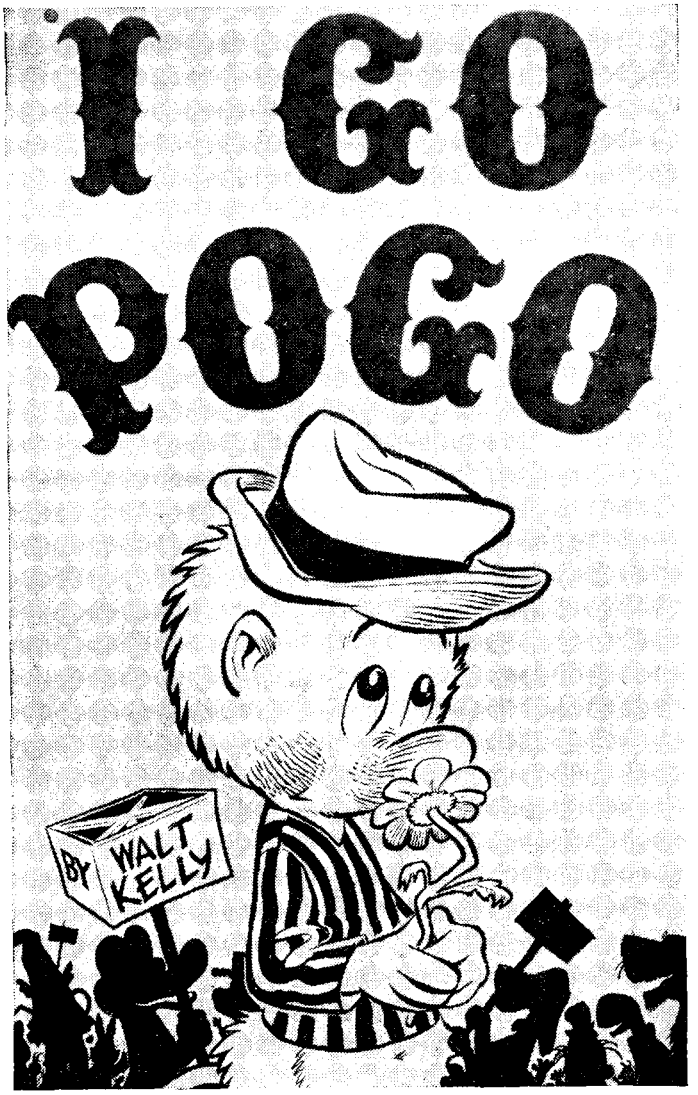

The possum-hero of "I Go Pogo" strikes a modest pose during a rally on behalf of his campaign for the Presidency.

on the Mississippi." Here it is, in all its glory:

"Fust—Ah strips t' th' waist, an rassles th' four biggest guests!! Next—a fast demon-stray-shun o' how t' cheat yore friends at cards!!—follyed by four snappy jokes—guarinteed t' embarrass man or beast—an'—then after ah dances a jig wif a pig, Ah yanks out two o' mah teeth, an' presents 'em t' th' bride an' groom—as mementos o' th' occasion!!—then—Ah really gits goin'!!—Ah offers t' remove any weddin' guest's appendix, wif mah bare hands—free!! Then yo' spread-eagles me, fastens mah arms an' laigs t' four wild jackasses—an'—bam!!—yo' fires a gun!!—While they tears me t' pieces—Ah puffawms th' weddin' ceremony!!"

AS CAPP'S language play is one of his strongest attractions to the literati, so it is also a prime attraction of the gentle and winning strip "Pogo," which is now apparently supplanting Li'l Abner as the darling of the reading-and-writing population. Pogo is a possum who inhabits Okefenokee Swamp. His friends include Horrors Greely, the cow that can only say, "Meow"; P. T. Bridgeport, a circus-promoting bear whose conversation is lettered into the balloons like an old-fashioned carnival poster; Deacon Mushrat, who talks in old English script; Mam'selle Hepzibah, a fascinating French enchantress who happens to be a skunk; and numberless others. Pogo says things are "horribobble." His pal Albert, a cigar-smoking charlatan of an alligator, says, "That don't make no differmints."

Pogo first appeared in book form in 1951.* Simon & Schuster put it out in a dollar volume, and the entire publishing world was astonished at the sales. At that time Pogo was appearing in 205 newspapers and commanded twenty-five million readers. The second book is a review of Pogo's activities in the recent Presidential campaign, during which millions of Americans engaged in choosing the man to hold the most powerful political position on earth carried on their chests buttons with the message "I Go Pogo."**

Pogo has now pretty well wrapped up that element of the population which used to read deeper artistic meanings into the rather surrealist world of "Krazy Kat." He'll be turning up in doctoral theses soon, without a doubt. And with every right. For Pogo is not only a daily entertainment of considerable charm, it is also clearly a work of art. Its gallery of Okefenokee animals are involved in doings as meaningful in their comment on conduct as those critters of Aesop's.

POGO. By Walt Kelly, New York: Simon & Schuster. $1.

**I GO POGO. By Walt Kelly. New York: Simon & Schuster. $1.*

Fiction Notes

QUAKERS AND COOPERATIVES: David Jordan, who has been spending two years in prison because of his Quaker aversion to war, comes back to his family at the opening of Ronald Kirkbride's **"Only the Unafraid"** (Duell, Sloan & Pearce, $3.50), third volume in the Jordan trilogy. He also returns to a life full of a lot of stagy conflict. He wants, you see, to build a farm cooperative in South Carolina. Naturally this arouses opposition and all the characters begin moving around making speeches at each other like figures in a morality play. David also gets involved in a rambling kind of love story involving a wealthy benefactor and his estranged wife, Nina, who wants back.

Mr. Kirkbride's previous novels in this series, the publishers tell us, also dealt with the twin themes of Quakers and cooperatives. I fear that if they were anything like this one they set the movements back terribly.

—EDWARD J. FITZGERALD.

MEN ON THE RUN AGAIN: The war in Korea could presumably either provide material for a thought-provoking novel, or supply the setting for the kind of adventure story which has been exceedingly popular of late. Unfortunately LaSelle Gilman, author of **"The Red Gate"** (Ballantine: paper, 35¢; clothbound, $1.50), has tried to straddle the issue. Since he doesn't really have very much to say about the war in Korea that any reader of the standard editorial column of any newspaper hasn't heard before, the result is a fairly exciting chase-novel annoyingly interrupted by some pretty trivial political observations. The story is of Stuart Childers, who after being wounded in Korea is captured by a Red Patrol, taken to Peking, where he meets up again with his Eurasian wife, is held with two fellow prisoners under house arrest, plans an escape, and escapes. Some of the individual action scenes generate narrative drive, but even the excitement of the chase is diminished somewhat by the stupidity which the author attributes to the captors. This is

SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC (No. 984)

GRIMBLE:
WE CHOSE THE ISLANDS

Beyond the teeming romance that lies in the differences between men . . . there lies the still profounder romance of their kinship with each other, a kinship that springs from . . . man's need to share laughter and friendship, poetry and love.

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a common failing in novels of this sort and one that defeats their authors' dramatic as well as political purposes.
—E. J. F.

JEWS IN AMERICA: In gentle, leisurely fashion, Charles Angoff continues his tender re-creation of the life of a Jewish-American family in the Boston of the early 1900's. **"In the Morning Light"** (Beechurst, $4.50) takes the Polonskys—and their numerous relatives and friends—through the second decade. The story's center of interest is young David, whom we follow in these pages through his days in public school and Hebrew school to his graduation from high school. But there are also the stories of Mottel, moving on to greater wealth as a successful manufacturer, of Aryeh, who thought he wanted to be a chemist, and of many others. So numerous are they that Mr. Angoff's book suffers structurally; yet there isn't a character, a story, or an incident I would willingly have him delete. Each character is re-created with such love and affection, each tale told with such warm humor, that one gratefully accepts the quiet, rambling pace and is happy to forego a more directed, narrative drive. This is a book not for all readers, perhaps, but for those who cherish nostalgic personal feelings about our fairly recent past.
—E. J. F.

"A" FOR EFFORT: Marguerite Allis, who in her previous novel, "Now We Are Free," brought Ashbel Field home from the American Revolution to Connecticut, got him into trouble there because of his advanced democratic ideas, and sent him on to Ohio, now picks up the story of him and his family in Ohio. Like the former book, **"To Keep Us Free"** (Putnam, $3.50) finds Ashbel in political struggle as well as struggle with the forces of nature. The political struggle—for free education, for representation, for good government—is complicated by and climaxed with the War of 1812, the struggle "to keep us free." Ashbel moves through all this with stolid uprightness, and handles the many problems of his family in the same way. As a matter of fact, most of the characters are rather stolid and the earnestness of Miss Allis's approach throughout makes her story seem both dull and well intentioned. Readers who did not read the earlier work may also be troubled by the frequent elliptical references with which Miss Allis studiously ties the two books together. But if you're looking for a slow-paced, believable, though not very exciting reconstruction of some aspects of early American history, this may be for you. —E. J. F.

—Gorden Parks.

Archibald MacLeish, Ralph Ellison, Bernard DeVoto—"the best of 1952."

THE NBA AWARDS

FOR Archibald MacLeish, Bernard DeVoto, and Ralph Ellison, the best thing about 1952 was January 27, 1953. Before a tweedy SRO crowd of 550 at New York's Commodore Hotel that evening, they were singled out—MacLeish among the nation's poets for his "Collected Poems 1917-1952," DeVoto among the non-fiction authors for "The Course of Empire," and Ellison among the novelists for "Invisible Man"—as the winners of the National Book Award, the industry's way of calling attention to the fact that theirs were the best of 1952. With phrases like "most distinguished" and "most creative" flying overhead, MacLeish, at 5:25 P.M., DeVoto, at 5:35, and Ellison, at 5:45, trooped up to the dais to receive the awards, the awards being three-inch high, ten-carat gold medals worth $260 apiece. *Harper's* editor Frederick Lewis Allen, serving as M.C., introduced the Big Three, kept their acceptance speeches down to five minutes each. Promptly at 5:55, Supreme Court Justice William O. Douglas, a by-passed author of 1952 ("Beyond the High Himalayas") was presented, and he evened things up by speaking for twenty minutes, or five minutes longer than MacLeish, DeVoto, and Ellison combined.

The winning books had all won uncommonly good reviews. Of MacLeish's book, I. L. Salomon wrote [*SR* Dec. 27]: "Certainly it is a strong contender for the major poetry awards this year." DeVoto's book had Walter Prescott Webb [*SR* Nov. 22] calling it: "Something to make the academic historians . . . sit up and take notice." As for Ellison's, Harvey Curtis Webster [*SR* April 12] found it: "A powerful novel carried forward by an intensity rare in the fiction of any time or place. A work of art."

The award-party at the Commodore was the NBA's fourth since 1950. The organization had its genesis in the Gutenberg Award of 1949, presented to Robert Sherwood for "Roosevelt and Hopkins," and the Gutenberg had *its* genesis in Sidney Satenstein, president of American Book-Stratford Press. "The movies had an Oscar, we had nothing," Satenstein said with a shudder recently as he relived the grim pre-Gutenberg days. "Something had to be done." Something turned out to be the Gutenberg Award (sponsored solely by the Book Manufacturers' Institute) which, if it did not carry the prestige of the later NBA, had a fascination of its own. It was a $1,000 check. Eventually, at his suggestion, Satenstein said, the American Book Publishers Council and the American Booksellers Association joined the BMI in an industry-wide award—the NBA. "I'm called the 'poppa of the NBA'," he noted proudly.

After baby was born, the Gutenberg, only one year old, went into limbo. Together, the BMI, the ABPC, and the ABA foot NBA bills; they contributed $1,000 apiece to the 1953 fund. The NBA staff is purely volunteer. Its chairman is William Cole, publicity director at Knopf's, who worked on the 1953 award since last summer. Lists of judges were drawn up; the panels met on Jan 5, 6, and 7. The morning of the eighth, the winning authors were notified. They had to wait until the twenty-seventh, however, to get their medals.
—Bernard Kalb.

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The Saturday Review

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Publisher, J. R. COMINSKY Associate Publisher, W. D. PATTERSON
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America: School for Brotherhood

IN THE pages of this magazine many reasons have been offered for the failure of the younger writers. The fiction writers were negativists, followers of Jean-Paul Sartre's once-popular cult of individualism, despair, and fear. They were also sensationalists who used as their themes the vices of American society, principally the remains of racial antagonism, an exaggerated dependence on the divergencies from normal sex, and too often psychoanalytic interpretations of their characters. They lacked warmth, and their conception of love was essentially sadistic, and so was alien not only to the masses but to the increasing number of middle-ground intellectuals who were facing a time of danger and strain with the courage of their new convictions. They were also attempting to create literature founded not on their knowledge of their countrymen, for they were spending most of their time abroad, but on intellectual conceptions and plots, so that their characters resembled pawns on a chessboard pushed about by an erratic player.

William Faulkner expressed the sentiments of countless readers when in his Stockholm address he spoke of "the universal fear so long sustained by now that we can even bear it." Because of this the young man or woman writing today has forgotten the problems of the human heart in conflict with itself which alone can make good writing because only that is worth writing about, the agony and the sweat . . . the old universal truths lacking which any story is ephemeral and doomed—love and honor and pity and pride and compassion and sacrifice. There is a common conception amongst these writers that you cannot write about courageous or "good" people, though both Steinbeck and Hemingway presented them as the heroes in their latest novels, and least of all can you allow them to achieve any worthy ambition.

But all of these reasons for failure are less significant than the refusal to look at the world about them and to try to comprehend the greater issues of life in which not only the people of this country but the entire Western community of nations are now involved. All Americans have a part in what is happening to the world, however humble it may be or however dimly they comprehend it. It should be the task of writers of the present day to lift their eyes from the road descending to purgatory and to present living human beings whose lives, whose behavior, and whose thoughts are being changed by the burdens and the demands made on them to save civilization and humanity from destruction.

PEOPLE are no longer isolated units living in small communities, or even within the boundaries of nations; they belong to the whole world. Their responsibilities and their horizons have become limitless. Americans have been the first people to realize this and to attempt to give outward expression of their unity with the peoples of the earth. This immense conception has not been handed down to us by a ukase from above; it has become the common knowledge of everyone who reads newspapers, magazines, or books, or who listens to the voices that come to us over the air. Scientists and intellectuals, taxicab drivers, farmers, office workers, mechanics, salesmen, and the heads of industries are aware of it.

Bertrand Russell has expressed it in his recent "The Impact of Science on Society" in which he warns us that the change during a single generation brought about by the advance of science and technology must change our folkways and our political institutions. Another Britisher, historian and philosopher Arnold Toynbee, in last month's *Atlantic Monthly* writes of the change in the scale of human affairs brought about by technological revolutions. They have shrunk, he says, and are still shrinking the human geography of the world.

"What must we do to be saved?" Professor Toynbee asks. "The heart of our difficulty is the difference in pace between the hare—swift movement of the scientific intellect, which can revolutionize our technology in the space of a lifetime, and the tortoise's slow movement of the underbelly of the human psyche which knows no change or shadow of turning. In truth, the subconscious psyche does move but at a rate that is infinitesimally slow in comparison with the scientific intellect's. The inability of the subconscious to fly at the intellect's pace is apt to drive the subconscious, in blind panic, into an irrational, anachronistic conservatism that may land us in disaster unless we contrive to buy Fate the time that the subsconscious psyche requires for accomplishing the slow and painful task of adapting itself to inevitable human consequences of revolutionary changes of technological circumstances."

During this long process, Professor Toynbee foresees the expansion of the Western community and a union with Russia and looks to the future "not indeed without anxiety, but also not without a heartening hope."

Americans are slowly becoming world citizens, and it may be our destiny, since in Russia the cosmopolitan mentality is regarded as fatal to Communism, to lead the people of the planet Earth to the only road which brings them not to destruction, but to a new life for mankind. We are possibly going further and faster along this new highway than Professor Toynbee imagines. The novelist of today or the near future may concern himself with the inevitable stresses and strains of the human psyche in all our people during this period of transition. It will be a subject worthy of our greatest writers, the struggle of a human being to cast aside prejudice and fear and to embrace every man, everywhere, as his brother and comrade-in-arts. —H. S.

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Shocking

▶ . . . CARL SANDBURG cover [*SR* Jan. 17] is shocking and inexcusable, a view shared by others of much more consequence than myself.

E. T. TOMS.

Pelham, N. Y.

Blank Is Better

▶ POSITIVELY the worst cover I have ever seen on a magazine. Leave it blank if you can't do better.

D. C. STEINER.

Ann Arbor, Mich.

Mockery Affronts

▶ . . . . SINCE YOU have chosen to emblazon *SR* with a caricature of a man whose achievements both you and the American public you serve would choose to honor, I feel strongly that it is your obligation to explain this execrable lack of taste and judgment. The portrait affronts me; it is so mockingly empty.

VIRGINIA S. BAIL.

Philadelphia, Pa.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *We agree with Mr. Toms. As the cover turned out, it represents a major blunder, for which the editors sorrowfully accept responsibility.*

In the course of considering ideas for a portrait of Carl Sandburg on the occasion of his seventy-fifth birthday, we came across the highly original, three-dimensional work of various public figures being done by Jack Eisner. Mr. Eisner used various materials in combination with hard paper to produce a "sculpted" effect. We asked him to do one of Carl Sandburg. In three-dimensional form it came off beautifully. Though it was caricature, Sandburg lost none of his dignity or strength. We enthusiastically accepted it and sent it to the engravers. Not until the advance copies of SR *arrived did we realize that the three-dimensional form could not be photographed and engraved without having the drawing lose its strength and essential appeal. In its present form it is a crude caricature. We are glad to take the very first opportunity to apologize publicly to Carl Sandburg.*

—N. C.

Spotted Chin

▶ OH FOR A spot on the cover's back
Where addresses could be put in!
January 17 my name and address
Were affixed to Sandburg's chin.

HARRY H. WIGGINS.

Fairview Park, O.

Testimonial

▶ WE WANT TO TELL you how much we value the support which *The Saturday Review* has given to booksellers during the past year. This support stems from the philosophy of *The Saturday Review*

"She wouldn't treat us this way if we were the Boston Symphony."

—evident in its pages—as well as from the specific things done to emphasize the important part played by bookstores in developing our cultural pattern.

ROBERT PILPEL,
Executive Sec.,
American Booksellers Assn.

New York, N. Y.

Praise for "Common Man"

▶ THE ARTICLE by Joseph Wood Krutch on the current cult of the Common Man [*SR* Jan. 10] is one of the best pieces of analysis that has appeared in print for a long time. He has set a very high standard for the articles which are to follow in the series you have announced. Here is one reader who will follow them with a great deal of interest.

JOHN M. PEARSON.

Hancock, N. Y.

The Rise of a Cult

▶ "IS OUR COMMON Man Too Common?" is very good as a starter. Mr. Krutch seems to cover the field impartially, thoughtfully, and provocatively. It certainly is true that there is a cult of conformity. From my small perspective, this is nowhere illustrated as dramatically as among high-school children, who seem to have a frenetic antipathy toward anything that might set them apart. Perhaps, as Mr. Krutch suggests, the current passion for "getting along" with others has grown a little lopsided.

It seems to me the cult of the Common Man has arisen coincidentally with the coming to power of the labor unions. Thirty years ago I was bewildered, when I joined (I am still a member), to find that the union discouraged, sometimes subtly and sometimes bluntly, a member who strove to do more work than others—and sometimes this applied to better work also. With suppression of the competitive instinct, plus an improved position economically and ideologically, it seems to me the labor unions have wielded a great deal of power in the drive to make all men equal by bringing all down to the lowest common denominator.

Another powerful force has contributed: the widespread availability of education, which started about 1900. This has not been as apparent, but tremendously effective. Education beyond high-school level also became a great fad, with the inevitable result that many persons got a college education who had no use for it. Some went on to higher social and economic levels; some remained in their previous levels because they liked it there—and that is not to their discredit. . . .

Mr. Krutch is eminently right in saying that the few who excel must lead the way if the way is to be up. . . . The way out—if it appears—will be shown by artists or leaders with ability, good taste, ideals, and integrity, which latter at the moment is often stigmatized as nonconformity.

NOEL LOOMIS.

Minneapolis, Minn.

Passive Resistance

▶ HEAVEN FORBID you should publish more articles like the one entitled "Is Our Common Man Too Common?"! Probably my reaction is just a commoner's intolerance of something superior to himself. Even so. . . .

Who hopes that candidates for high office are superior to the average man in the street? Aren't we dedicated to the

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proposition that all men are created equal? Don't we believe that a poor boy can grow up to be President? In view of the behavior of some men in high office, we would be happy if they were as good and as honest as the average man in the street.

Mr. Krutch criticizes us scum for our passivity because we watch baseball games on television. A few paragraphs later he commends LP recordings. But what could be more passive than listening to a recording? On the basis of the Krutch reasoning, I assume that any long-hair who attends a concert, instead of listening to an LP recording, has almost earned the right to call himself a musician. Actually, it is a good thing some of us are passive. If every TV baseball fan decided he had to take a turn at bat for the Dodgers, and every LP addict took up scraping a cello—oh, what a mess we would have.

ALTHEA MASCARO.

West Point, Pa.

De Gustibus . . .

▶ KRUTCH IGNORED some pertinent facts when he concluded that "the dominance of mass media almost exclusively under the control of those who are little concerned with anything except immediate financial gain does tend to debase taste."

Experience in the United Kingdom corroborates the conclusion that audiences tend to select content according to their existing tastes, but do not tend to have their tastes changed by the content of the media. Although the BBC's radio service is wholly non-commercial, although the "serious" Third Program has been on the air for more than five years, although the Third Program is presented during the popular evening hours, and although 16 per cent of all BBC domestic radio broadcasting is devoted to the Third Program, the Third Program's share of audience is stable at less than an elite 1 per cent.

KENNETH HARWOOD.

University, Ala.

Clara Bow & Robinson Jeffers

▶ MR. KRUTCH IS CERTAINLY judicious in his approach to that monster the Common Denominator, and that it is a monster cannot be said too often or too forcibly. Nonetheless, I feel he does just somehow produce too negative an indictment of our culture as a whole, at least by implication.

Frost, Eliot, Sandburg, Pound, Van Doren, Stevens, Jeffers, Tate, Aiken, Ransome, Williams, Cummings, MacLeish: I throw out this clutch of poetic names, a list mixed but not exactly random, as a possible reminder that all may not have been lost. . . . What is to the point now is that a place and time which has produced these talents and brought most of them—however hazardously—to the haven of Collected Works can reasonably lay claim to some culture.

Those that deny this are, I think, either ignorant or purposively prejudiced with axes to grind and political party lines, Radical or Royalist or just plain Academic, to support.

The output of these men can hardly be accused of conformity or of a kowtowing to commercial standards. Yet all these are of a generation with Clara Bow, Henry Ford, Amos and Andy, Hearst, and Paul Whiteman. . . . The correlation may not be accidental. The coincidence may give us the hope that a genuine originality of expression and a highly developed mass culture are still not necessarily incompatible. If it could be true then, it could be true now. But a due recognition of both aspects of our culture is necessary to preserve our balance.

NATHANIEL BURT.

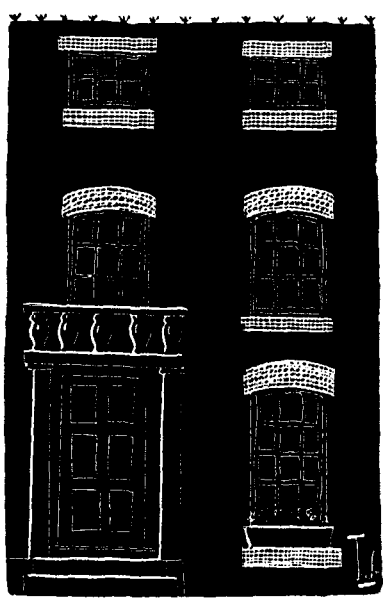
Princeton, N. J.

Widows and Work

▶ NO ONE CAN WRITE more pertinent editorials than Harrison Smith, and his one of January 3 ["The Novel and the Facts of Life"] strikes me to the very heart of the "tragedies involving older women" who are left widowed and lonely in their middle years. He writes of "Mrs. Median Yale '37" who "occupies herself in projects involving the children, working on the place, or with outdoor sports, church on Sunday, family visits, and informal entertaining." All these, by the way, are the usual occupations of all women, whether their husbands earn $2,000 a year or $200,000, and are not peculiar to any so-called class or group.

The wife of a "working-man" is not in so terrible a position when widowed as is the wife of an executive or professional man. First of all, she has not had the time to read books by "experts on child-psychology," and in consequence her children have been brought up to respect their parents and to feel responsibility for them in their older or elderly years. . . .

But the "better-class" woman finds herself in a frightful position. Unlike her lower-class sister, she has devoted entirely too much time to her children, and so has grown dependent upon them for life-interest. And, paradoxically, she has taught them that only they are important, and owe no obligation of love and duty to their parents. . . . There is no need, usually, for the woman of this class to earn her own living, and so she dawdles about the hospitals, joins more clubs, goes to endless lunches and yawns at the speakers, and returns to her empty house and to despair. And, quite often, to alcohol or drugs, to relieve the anguish of her loneliness and uselessness, and the neglect of her children.



The college-trained woman should begin, in her late twenties or early thirties, to realize that she will probably be widowed later. She should understand that her children are important, but that she is, at least, as important as they and that it is her duty to develop herself as an individual. If she has a profession, she should continue it, if only part-time, when her children are very young, and should re-enter it completely when they are in their teens. . . . The widow, whatever her age, should also sensibly look about her for a second husband, particularly widowers, and should ignore her children's self-seeking protests. Respecting herself as an individual, and realizing she is the most important person to herself, she will not then be faced with tragedy.

TAYLOR CALDWELL.

Eggertsville, N. Y.

Female of the Species

▶ HARRISON SMITH'S editorial concludes: "But the American novelist is not interested in tragedies involving older women" [*SR* Jan. 3].

In the case of the women under discussion, *what* tragedy? The only discernible "tragedy" is their cow-like contentment, and this is the stuff of farce rather than the somber material of tragedy. These women are all comparatively extremely well off. Their houses no doubt bulge with gadgetry—perhaps they're so fascinated by their material comforts that they've forgotten they've got minds. No, it's really very hard to squeeze out a tear for these well-fed, pampered ladies. If their lives sound inconceivably dull and drab they have no one to blame but themselves. And since they're apparently perfectly satisfied with the *status quo* I don't see how any writer can possibly work up much interest in them as serious subjects.

H. BRIED.

Kentfield, Calif.

Pincushion

▶ IN HIS REVIEW of Cartier-Bresson's "The Decisive Moment" Aaron Siskind describes the cover design as "most fragrant" [*SR* Dec. 20]. If Mr. Siskind means what I think he ought to mean, his feeling will be shared by hordes of people who, like myself, nevertheless think that Cartier-Bresson is great stuff.

I herewith proffer to the Messrs. Simon and Schuster my annual award—a cut glass pincushion—for having produced the ugliest and most irrelevant book jacket of 1952.

TOM J. MORAN.

Chicago, Ill.

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Broadway Postscript

MID-SUMMER HAZE

VINA DELMAR'S "Mid-Summer" is not much of a play, but it should touch the hearts of women and particularly those who have sacrificed a large portion of their lives to the art of homemaking. Lily, the heroine of this 1907 period-piece, is indeed such a "domesticated" female. Her nature being naive and instinctive, Lily comes to the conclusion that she can only be useful to and respected by her more intelligent husband and eight-year-old daughter if she cooks dinner, sews curtains, etc. Her husband, however, is making this impossible by his pursuit of a hand-to-mouth existence in the hopes of becoming a big-time vaudevillian, which he prefers to the less exciting certainties of teaching school in Staten Island.

This situation is true and universal, and in the hands of a better playwright could make a fine play. But Miss Delmar cannot for more than a few minutes at a time cast aside the bad habits that come with writing for Hollywood and the slick magazines, and as a result the play seldom becomes anything more than its sentimental and hackneyed plot.

Fortunately for the audience, Lily is played by Geraldine Page, an actress with amazing ability to express the nervous symptoms of a woman undergoing inner conflict. Those who saw Miss Page fight the battle of the *doppelgänger* in Circle-in-the-Square's production of "Summer and Smoke" will recognize and applaud the same technique even though it is repeated in less justifiable circumstances. She gives "Mid-Summer" a pulse and establishes herself as a potentially great actress who need only learn selectivity and control in order to achieve that objective. Also distinguishing herself is Ben Hecht's little girl Jenny, who plays the precocious child. Not only is she glib, but her timing in the delivery of a punch-line smacks of professional perfection.

Howard Bay's set and Paul Crabtree's direction are something less than inspired, and Mr. Crabtree is downright negligent when it comes to making Lily's final decision clear and understandable. Maybe Miss Delmar was herself a bit hazy about the ending.

I SUPPOSE that the parties responsible for reviving—or perhaps I'd better just say bringing back—"The Bat" after thirty-three years also knew what they were doing. Since the Mary Roberts Rinehart-Avery Hopwood play is the archetype of that whole school of mystery thrillers which feature lights going out, faces appearing at windows, and an improbable plot that finds a way to make the least suspicious person guilty, the producers had their choice of playing it straight or burlesquing it. Apparently they decided to do both. The first two acts played reasonably straight serve only to remind us how quickly a kind of drama can pass out of style. But in the final act the tempo suddenly picks up. Masked figures climb in and out of windows, panels slide up and down, and mysterious characters are bopped over the head, all in such ridiculous profusion that the proceedings become a hilarious joke. At the final curtain, Zazu Pitts, who has been playing the timorous maid, steps out from behind a panel, calmly snatches the gun away from the killer, informs everyone that it isn't loaded, and proceeds to prove herself mistaken by shooting him dead; it is a very funny moment in the theatre.

In addition to the hand-waving Miss Pitts, Lucille Watson also turns in a performance that is better than the dated dialogue she has to say. But the rest of the cast is dreary and undistinguished, and "The Bat" is hardly worth going to except as a theatrical curiosity.

MENASHA SKULNICK, that "magnificent" little Yiddish comedian, has finally paid Broadway a visit in a sentimental comedy about two partners in the dress-manufacturing business. The play is called "The Fifth Season," which is euphemism for "slack," and its complications are money and love in that order. Sylvia Regan has not written a world-beater, but for hundreds of thousands of New York families it may be a pleasant evening of meeting people like themselves.

For the rest, Mr. Skulnick, who shares top billing with Richard Whorf, will still be a droll delight as he answers a dress-store owner who is complaining that he can't keep his head above water at the price stipulated. "Well, drown a little," he says. Menasha would undoubtedly be funnier with better material, but he doesn't drown too much even in a sub-par play. —HENRY HEWES.

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SR Goes to the Movies

THE GIRL ON THE CALENDAR

—From "Niagara."

Joseph Cotten and Miss Monroe—"the vamp who leads good men astray."

NO starlet since Jean Harlow has so excited the imagination of the great ticket-buying American public as blonde, wide-eyed Marilyn Monroe. Part of her success, of course, is that she leaves only a minimum—a bare minimum—to the imagination. The billboards for her current picture, "Niagara," for example, show her poised titanically if uncomfortably at the very brink of the falls, clad only in the rushing torrent. The three writers who jointly confected "Niagara's" screenplay—Charles Brackett, Walter Reisch, and Richard Breen—were almost as ingenious in devising scenes that would call for her to wear little more. And when, occasionally, she does struggle into a dress, Miss Monroe generally manages to suggest that the arrangement is only temporary and you had better stick around. But, like Jean Harlow, la Monroe is more than just a strip-tease artist. Not an actress, Heaven knows. We've got actresses. She is, instead, a personality, the Theda Bara of the new generation.

In "Niagara" the Fox people have matched Monroe's obvious charms with an equally obvious script, a melodrama about a girl who wants husband Joseph Cotten out of the way so that she can take up with someone a bit less moody. She is, in short, the seductress, the vamp who leads good men astray. Movie morals demand that she pay in full for her folly. But, like most movie temptresses, until that final payment she remains far more interesting, far more dynamic than the nice, young Jean Peters she places in jeopardy. Much more fun to be around.

So the cameras stay trained right on Monroe—Monroe in bed, Monroe in the shower, Monroe flouncing about the set in a tight red dress. Indeed, when the girl is suddenly dispatched from the picture, in a flurry of fancy effects, it comes as quite a surprise to find that there is still a good deal of plot left to go—including a last-minute rescue on the edge of Niagara the like of which has not been seen since D. W. Griffith's "Way Down

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East." With phoney morals, phoney plot, "Niagara" is bald, pure hokum, made on a level to please the popcorn crowd. However, the technicolor photography of Niagara Falls and its environs, and of Miss Monroe, is magnificent.

* * *

"The Stooge" (Paramount) is in marked and laudable contrast to previous Martin and Lewis entertainments, its script more than a series of farcical episodes, its characters more than frantic clowns. Dean Martin plays a vaudeville singer with a swollen ego, Jerry Lewis his stooge and admirer. As always, Martin exploits his partner shamefully. But this time it is in keeping with a recognizable character; while Lewis's underdog achieves a certain pathos that adds a whole new dimension to his inimitable clowning. The backstage story, set in the 1930's, permits the natural and easy introduction of choice bits from the Martin and Lewis night-club repertory, plus such riotous new material as a vocal duet in which Martin keeps upping the key on Lewis and one of the funniest "morning after" scenes ever filmed. For songs, Martin has ranged through the old Paramount musicals and come up with such nostalgics as "I'm Yours," "Just One More Chance," and "With My Eyes Wide Open," in which he is joined agreeably from time to time by Polly Bergen. Norman Taurog's direction blends smoothly their zaniest comedy with a warmer, more sentimental humor that makes "The Stooge" the best movie we have yet had from this team.

* * *

Twenty-five years ago the original "Jazz Singer" revolutionized the motion picture industry. It might be too strong to suggest that if Warner Brothers' new, prettified reincarnation of that epic had appeared first we might still have silent pictures, but certainly a few passing references to the war in Korea cannot conceal the fact that its sentiments belong more properly to that age when silence was still golden. Danny Thomas, although personable enough, is no Al Jolson; while Peggy Lee, a star of radio and records, is one of those singers who should be heard and not seen—a cold and wooden performer. In fact, only the infallible Mildred Dunnock, with her skilful underplaying of Thomas's long-suffering mother, rouses any touch of emotion. As if acutely aware that his story would not stand too close a scrutiny, director Michael Curtiz plunges into a song, a dance, or one of Danny Thomas's familiar TV routines on the very slightest pretext.

* * *

Several years before the original "Jazz Singer" came along, I remember being taken to see a silent version of "Peter Pan" in which Betty Bronson and Mary Brian cavorted as Peter and Wendy. At that awkward moment when Peter must ask the audience to applaud to save Tinker Bell, I'm afraid I did just the opposite. My ungracious gesture may not have been altogether without justification, however, for in Walt Disney's new version (RKO) this scene is omitted altogether. Instead, Tinker Bell appears as a sort of pocket-sized Lorelei Lee, a young lady quite able to take care of herself. She spices up the proceedings considerably, along with a delightfully cockeyed crocodile, one of Disney's happiest inventions. I am not sure that tricking up the Barrie fantasy with cartoons is altogether the best solution to the many problems of staging this work, but I can at least report that adults may accompany their young relatives to Disney's "Never-Never Land" without becoming unduly uncomfortable themselves.

—Arthur Knight.

SR Recommends

My Cousin Rachel: Olivia de Havilland in a photoplay of Daphne du Maurier's melodrama. (*SR* Jan. 17.)

Little World of Don Camillo: Don Camillo, the priest, and Peppone, the Communist mayor, wrestle for the soul of an Italian village in this comedy-satire based on Giovanni Guareschi's novel. (*SR* Jan. 17.)

The Member of the Wedding: Julie Harris, Ethel Waters, and Brandon de Wilde collaborate in an accurate screen translation of the Carson McCullers play. (*SR* Jan. 10.)

The Bad and the Beautiful: Hollywood looks at itself in a film notable for first-rate acting, particularly by Lana Turner. (*SR* Jan. 3.)

Come Back, Little Sheba: Shirley Booth's magnificent Hollywood debut as the slovenly, adolescent-minded housewife of William Inge's moving play. (*SR* Dec. 27.)

Face to Face: Joseph Conrad, Stephen Crane, and Hollywood collaborate here in a highly valuable "duo-drama." (*SR* Dec. 20.)

Two Cents' Worth of Hope: Life in an Italian village, imaginatively re-created by director Castellani. (*SR* Dec. 13.)

Forbidden Games: A memorable exploration into the child's world, filmed in France. (*SR* Dec. 6.)

Breaking through the Sound Barrier: By no means a conventional "space-opera," this drama is given the benefit of a magnificent performance by Sir Ralph Richardson. (*SR* Nov. 22.)

Limelight: Chaplin's new film, hailed by some as a masterpiece, criticized by others as sentimental and banal, but well worth seeing at either evaluation. (*SR* Oct. 25.)

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TV and Radio

NOTES ON AN EVENT

SEVERAL times during the broadcast immediately following President Eisenhower's inaugural address commentators assured us that we, the home audience, had the best seats, and this opinion was also held by some newspaper critics of the coverage. I dissent from this, for although we were more comfortable than any visitor to Washington, we did not see into the heart of the matter.

This applies particularly to the central hour from the arrival at the Capitol, through the taking of the oaths, ending with the address; and the fault lies not so much with individuals as with the general plan. The ceremony was arranged as if television did not exist, and television took it as if it were any other event. It will be four years before we again witness the solemn ritual which climaxes the most serious political action of our democracy, but in that time we shall probably see many broadcasts connected with the functions of government and some which by their special nature require an approach different from the showmanship of normal coverage.

Television as entertainment works by piecing together different views, diverting the eye, bringing bits (a face, a headline, a gun) into prominence, putting them back into perspective in long shots, and so on. When it succeeds, it has broken an event into fragments and made a new synthesis of them. The camera can concentrate attention on a single element, like a person speaking, eliminating the background, and can also connect speaker and audience. During the taking of the oath and particularly while the President was speaking the figures in the background were kept in full focus, so that we saw the man who was constantly jumping up to take pictures, the lighting and passing of cigarettes, and the waving of hats into the camera. At one point the cameras cut away to a battery of loudspeakers on the cornice of a bare building, looking exactly like the annunciator above a jail-yard, and then panned down to the crowd listening to the address. The new President's style is not sparkling, but every word he spoke was charged with the overtones of policy and he needed no showmanship to hold our attention. Surely, it would have been possible to defocus the background slightly, or in some way to isolate the speaker from the disturbances around him. There are also three known ways to connect a speaker with his audience so that one never gets the sense of separating one from the other; using the symbolic loudspeaker was a lapse of taste, both esthetic and political.

The inauguration itself was not sponsored; the proceedings were. The automobile companies paying the bills got a lot of advertising before the stroke of noon, and so did some buyers of one-minute spots; then the networks identified themselves, and until the actual ceremonies were over no sponsor's word was heard. Immediately thereafter, I counted four fast spots on one station, including a cosmetic and a dog food, and I got the effect that they had been lying in ambush, waiting to jump. The surprise was that during the long afternoon most of the spotting of commercials was slow; I stayed with one station for twenty minutes without hearing a sales talk. One sponsor frequently superimposed the company name over a long view of Pennsylvania Avenue; two of them had their commentators identify their make of car when it appeared in the parade; one of them listed New York dealers after the national salestalk.

Both before and after the scenes at the Capitol television was doing some of the things it does best. The human touch at the White House was the new President's nervous anxiety to get under way. The technical skill by which mobile transmitters kept up with the parade was noteworthy, although occasionally one crew seemed to lose sight of the Presidential car for ten minutes at a time and the networks without these new devices were often anchored before empty stands, filling in with aimless chatter. The parade was inordinately long, an obvious drain on the patience of the dignitaries who watched it, as it was on us, and the diversion of letting the President be lassoed (which I didn't myself see) strikes me as being of dubious value. I do not suggest that the requirements of television should be paramount, but I think the planning committee for 1957 can see to it that the President is not exposed to such shenanigans.

The hardest problem of TV coverage was the old problem of radio—how and why to keep on talking when there's nothing to say. As I switched from network to network I was not always sure of the identity of speakers, so I am not naming names in this report, but I am sure that it was John Daly who said, to my great satisfaction, "This picture speaks for itself. Until some picture requires clarification, why don't you just watch." Sportscasters are learning this lesson, but many of the reporters from Washington were still doing straight radio. Here, textually, is the accompaniment of a sequence in which the President was in full view:

"General Eisenhower is waving to the right . . . now to the left. [Correcting himself] *President* Eisenhower now waving to the left. The thirty-fourth President of the United States waving to the right. . . .

"Ike is raising both his hands now to the crowd. . . . He's sitting down . . . he must be tired. He's standing again, determined to give the people [on the line of march] their money's worth. . . . Ike's up again. . . ."

And another: "The President of the United States and his lady, Mrs. Eisenhower, Mamie Eisenhower, are watching the parade. . . . Those men are entrusted with the safety of the President of the United States, Secret Service men. . . . Bits of paper are floating down."

THERE were also discussions of our form of government, comment on the weather, and assorted bits of information suggesting that some of the telecasts were simultaneously on radio. When an experienced newscaster says, "You'll also see he and his lady" and suggests that "when Eisenhower turns in at the East Gate he will become President of the United States" two hours after taking the oath of office, you understand that some new technique of verbalizing-to-pictures will have to be invented—for our sake and the newscasters'.

The cameras never got a good close-up picture of Miss Dorothy Maynor singing the national anthem, but she and the minister, the priest, and the rabbi, the chief justice, and the new President and Vice President gave a kind of greatness and seriousness to the occasion, the actual ceremony of inaugural, which television faithfully transmitted with neither addition nor subtraction. As it represented us faithfully at the significant moment, we should be grateful. —GILBERT SELDES.

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Music to My Ears

MENUHIN'S MENDELSSOHN & BARTÓK—GOLSCHMANN—KOREH

THE evidence of Yehudi Menuhin's most recent appearance in Carnegie Hall was that there are few violinists who could have played the succession of Bach, Bartók, and Mendelssohn works as he did, and few performers of any sort who could have held the attention so closely with intensely alive, warmly felt music-making. Mendelssohn on a violinist's recital program instinctively makes one think of "the" concerto, with piano accompaniment, but Menuhin provided another gambit by bringing out of obscurity a Sonata in F dating from 1838. For all the art Menuhin applied to it, it did not seem to me a very good sonata or very good Mendelssohn. It does, however, have a finely lyric slow movement, which Menuhin sang with grace and superb tone. Here, as in the C minor Sonata of Beethoven, which preceded, Adolph Baller was a true and even collaborator at the piano.

By far the most rewarding portion of this concert was Menuhin's performance of the Bartók Sonata No. 3 (unaccompanied), a work which this artist introduced a few years ago. He has played it periodically since, but never with so much insight, command, and persuasive effect. When he struck off the first chord, one thought for the moment that Menuhin was about to launch into the first unaccompanied sonata of Bach (also in G minor). Scrutiny of the movement sequence shows that Bartók followed very closely the tempo pattern of Bach, even to such details as a second adagio which enters "as a piece of music in strict form." This descriptive phrase, and many others which would be equally appropriate, may be found not in a volume about Bartók, but in Spitta's celebrated study of J. S. Bach.

This second adagio—Bartók calls it "melodia"—is but one element of a work full of invention, purpose, and a "certain demoniacal character," which Spitta cites apropos of Bach. In evolving a sound pattern distinctly his own, Bartók makes much use of the damped (muted) quality of the violin versus its normal timbre, a detail handled by Menuhin with dexterity as well as imagination. Throughout this complex, rewarding work, Menuhin was functioning, musically, on all cylinders; which suggests that he can do more to extend the repertory in this area than by restorations, no matter how well intentioned, from the past. In any case, he seems back on the main road of his career after what seemed a more than temporary detour.

* * *

The ill wind which must blow good for someone provided an opportunity for Vladimir Golschmann (of St. Louis) to conduct the Philharmonic-Symphony Orchestra recently as replacement for the ailing Dimitri Mitropoulos. Conflicting events limited my time for observing Golschmann's effort, but he struck off a fine collaboration with Edmund Kurtz in a first performance by this orchestra of Hindemith's Cello Concerto, dating from 1940.

In it are mingled a number of characteristic Hindemith elements, but most of all it is dominated by a sense of joy in pure sound which is matched, among his contemporaries, perhaps only by Milhaud. It has every aspect, on reacquaintance, of a work which will continue to be heard for some time. Golschmann managed his part of the task with more distinction than Edmund Kurtz, whose skill as a cellist seemed certainly inferior to several of the men seated in the orchestral chairs behind him.

* * *

The season's first "Rosenkavalier" at the Metropolitan brought with it the seasoned art of Fritz Reiner, acting like a guest conductor from the Chicago Symphony Orchestra, the first Marschallin of Astrid Varnay, and the debut of Endre Koreh as Baron Ochs. Hilde Gueden had been promised as Sophie, but an indisposition (or too intensive rehearsing for the forthcoming "Rake's Progress") provided Nadine Conner in her place. It also brought the notable Octavian of Risë Stevens, which testifies to her seriousness as an artist by many thoughtful touches to improve a characterization long recognized as outstanding.

Fedora Barbieri—"personal accent."

Miss Varnay's Marschallin was perhaps the quietest part she has ever sung on this stage (the Wagner repertory plus "Elektra" and "Salome," with only Maria in Verdi's "Boccanegra" as variant, is the picture of her career), and it obviously involves problems in pacing, projection, and mood which could not be solved immediately. To her credit is a firmness of vocal line, a substantial measure of spare power which always gave one the welcome impression that she was working well within her ultimate capacity. She looks well in the role, and, the nature of it being what it is, she can become even more convincing as time passes. At the moment the whole conception is more than a shade heavy and brooding. Even those passages in the first act in which a realistic realization of her own situation give charm and a certain humor of pathos to the Strauss-Hofmannsthal character were played too straight and seriously by Miss Varnay. Just how good it will be eventually one can hardly say, but one can trust this artist's intelligence to profit from working experience.

Koreh as Ochs was more than a mite puzzling. Was he awed by the Met and unable to do his best, or is his equipment as short on range as it sounded? Certainly less of a virtuoso as Ochs than Fritz Krenn, whom we had two seasons ago, Koreh is soundly versed in the traditional mannerisms of the part, and his voice has weight and solidity within a rather short compass. Rather more disaffecting was a shortage on real zest and lustiness. Ochs is, of course, a Baron; but the first impression is that Koreh's limitations created the sense of restraint, not his intentions. Erich Kunz as Faninal was a welcome upgrading for this oft-neglected character.

A "Carmen" earlier in the week brought Fedora Barbieri as a naturalistic if bulky gypsy, rather hampered by the French text but providing a decidedly personal accent to the part. The agility imagined for Carmen was a mere matter of form with Barbieri (not very good form at that) but her valuable attributes for the role could be organized into a whole more

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than the sum of the present parts. George London was a vibrant figure as Escamillo, a notoriously unsingable part which he managed better than most. Even so, it was several notches below his Amonasro and Don Giovanni. Justice compels a word or two of praise for the vocalism of De los Angeles's Micaela and the powerful impulse of Tucker's Jose.

Record Week

ANYONE but moderately acquainted with the record literature knows that one of its richest treasurers was an accounting of the Dvorak "Slavonic Dances" by Vaclav Talich and the Czech Philharmonic Orchestra issued here by RCA Victor in 1937-38. It has been a model by which all future treatments of Dvorak's lovable inspirations have been measured, with few of them found to be even close in such qualities as warmth, musicianship, fervor, or meaning. Needless to say, good as the recording was then, it has lost its bloom since.

The paragraph above is merely a preliminary to the welcome good news that Talich has done it again (Urania LP set 604, $11.90), this time in union with a recording technique which proves that the grapevine about Supraphon (the Czech company originating the tapes from which these Urania discs were made) is absolutely true. The quality is as good as anything our own "free" countries can show—with a balance, a detail, a justice of timbres that reflects a keen listening ear at the controls.

As for the qualities of Talich's conducting (he has been leading this orchestra since 1918), they are even more striking than in the last things we heard from him in prewar days. The urgency, the get-up-and-go quality that gives a lift to the swifter dances, the reflectiveness, the sensitivity that show themselves in the slower ones, are the sort one has read about in Nikisch but rarely heard from the familiar "name" conductors of our day.

There remains a question, some may say, whether we should encourage this product of what is in some respects "slave labor" and in competition with our musicians and those of our friends of Western Europe. I couldn't possibly have a useful opinion on that point, because it is much too complex a question. But I do feel some sense of communication between those who have long been our friends (and one day may be our friends again) and those who have been fortunate enough still to have liberty as well as life. —Irving Kolodin.

"THE German short story or, as it is usually called, the novelle, is one of the most impressive achievements of modern German literature." With these words Professor Victor Lange begins his introduction to "Great German Short Novels and Stories" (Modern Library, $1.25), and the contents of his judiciously edited anthology solidly support his statement.

Beginning with "The Sorrows of Werther" and ending with Kafka's haunting "A Country Doctor," he has chosen well from a host of masterly *Novellen* that were written between 1774 and 1919. From the work of many storytellers he has skimmed the cream. Droste's dark and bloody "The Jews' Beech Tree" is the most famous story by the woman who has been called Germany's greatest poetess; "Immensee," a beautiful tale of love lost and love remembered, stands equally high in the canon of Theodor Storm. Heine's "Gods in Exile" is a characteristic blend of its author's wit and imagination. Hoffmann's "The Cremona Violin" and Brentano's story of "Just Caspar and Fair Annie" well represent two noted romanticists. Kleist's "The Earthquake in Chile," powerfully moving and dramatically constructed, reminds us of the greatness of the loss that Germany suffered when her most gifted playwright shot himself beside the Wannsee, in 1811, at the age of thirty-four. In "Plautus in the Convent," C. F. Meyer, who breathed the air of the Renaissance as easily as that of his native Switzerland, makes Poggio tell a tale that surpasses any of his own *facetiae*; and another Swiss, Gottfried Keller, one of the most famous short-story writers to use the German tongue, charms us with his sprightly history of "The Naughty Saint Vitalis." Thomas Mann's "Death in Venice," reprinted so often, cannot be reprinted too often; Schnitzler's "A Farewell" is, as Mr. Lange remarks, "one of the most characteristic of his studies in loneliness"; Wedekind's "The Burning of Egliswyl" is lit by the terrifying fires of uncontrolled passion; "Flagman Thiel" shows Hauptmann at his heart-rending, realistic best; and Rilke's "How Old Timofei Died Singing" is a poet's story. Schiller's "The Sport of Destiny" and Heinrich Mann's heavily charged expressionistic capsule, "Three Minute Novel," complete the tally. These two, in my judgment, are not quite worthy of the company they keep; but other readers may well give them a higher place in a collection that is, beyond question, of remarkably high quality.

From the proper study of mankind —as we find it in the German *Novellen*—to the study of the teeming creatures that inhabit the tidal reaches of the Pacific Coast is a long step; but not as long as you might think. You can take it by turning to the third edition of "Between Pacific Tides" (Stanford University Press, $6), by Edward F. Ricketts and Jack Calvin, revised by Joel W. Hedgpeth, with a foreword by John Steinbeck, who used Ricketts as the model for Doc in "Cannery Row." This is one of the most fascinating books I have come upon in a long time; for the past few weeks I have picked it up again and again to study its text in the light of its abundant illustrations, and its pictures in the light of its informative text. The marine life which it examines is one in which Schopenhauer's "will" is nakedly, eternally dominant; one in which almost every animal is forever engaged in a murderous struggle for survival. Man runs a poor second in many ways to many of these invertebrates. The Pismo clam can teach him how to stand up against a beating; the octopus was an expert at jet propulsion ages before man ever dreamed of it; and the sexual practices of the gastropoda make the most ingenious experiments of the most libidinous human beings seem like kindergarten exercises. "Between Pacific Tides" is an authoritative guidebook that will serve one well at the water's edge or in one's armchair.

H. RACHAM, of Christ's College, Cambridge, has done a translation of Aristotle's "Ethics" (Barnes & Noble, $2.50) in which omissions and abbreviations make the work more easily readable. "Love's Labour's Lost" (Arden edition, Harvard, $3.25), edited with textual notes, glossary, and introduction by Richard David, furnishes much aid to an understanding of the play. Oxford's New Clarendon edition of "Henry the Fourth, Part 1" ($1) is a handy, clearly printed volume. Aldington's translation of Laclos's "Dangerous Acquaintances" has been reprinted by New Directions ($3.75). —Ben Ray Redman.

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THE WORLD

(*Continued from page 16*)

pattern may indeed be discerned, whatever the minor deviations.

The book is a wealth of authentic data, painstakingly collected and lucidly presented in three main divisions—1855-1881, 1881-1904, and 1905-1914—and with an epilogue taking us into today. The balance between the material devoted to the various classes and aspects of Russia is skilfully preserved, and so is the relation between her domestic affairs and foreign policy. There are eight well-drawn maps and a clearly annotated bibliography. We owe Dr. Seton-Watson a profound debt for a work long needed and now so competently done.

Notes

WHAT'S BECOME OF CZECHOSLOVAKIA?: Dana Adams Schmidt's **"Anatomy of a Satellite"** (Little, Brown, $5) is more than good background for the lurid purge trials now being staged in Czechoslovakia. It is a painstaking case-history of a nation which has fallen victim to westward-pushing Soviet imperialism; it lucidly describes Soviet infiltration and offers a way of defense against it. The author was *The New York Times* correspondent in Czechoslovakia during a fateful year that ended on May 31, 1950, when he fled the country to escape arrest as a "Western agent who had been in contact with two of the thirteen Czech defendants" in a treason trial.

In these pages we have a pretty comprehensive picture of the step-by-step Soviet encroachment on Czechoslovakia independence that finally led to the Kremlin's 1948 Putsch, masterminded by the Russian Deputy Foreign Minister, Zorin. Here we have a picture of the anti-Communists' indecision, confusion, and disunity. The thing that stands out is the spectacle of the divided anti-Communist majority defeated by the singleminded, ruthless Communist minority. "The leaders of the non-Communist parties blame Benes, and Benes's partisans blame the leaders of the democratic parties."

Mr. Schmidt believes the British and Americans made a bad blunder at Teheran through "an oral agreement that placed Czechoslovakia in the Soviet sphere along with Poland, Hungary, Rumania, Bulgaria, and Yugoslavia."

What of the future? Mr. Schmidt is rather more optimistic than some other observers regarding the Czech will to resist Sovietization. It is his expectation the Czechs will remain true to their democratic traditions.

Once an "island of democracy," Czechoslovakia today is a land of fear and suspicion. The Communists fear their fellow Communists as much as they do the anti-Communists. Their drives against "deviationists," "diversionists," "Trotskyites," and "Titoists" are confirmed daily by the sensational official news from Prague.

—HENRY C. WOLFE.

PIVOT OF ASIA: Until 1947 India was without her own foreign policy. However, as a member of the British Commonwealth since that time, India has not hesitated to speak for colonial peoples against imperialism, particularly in Asia. Professor Werner Levi of the University of Minnesota in his **"Free India and Asia"** (University of Minnesota Press, $2.75) is concerned to set out a dispassionate account of recent Indian foreign policy.

Nehru's aims for the past fifteen years have been to insure the peace, wipe out imperialism, and maintain freedom of action. Now, feeling no longer safe behind sheltering mountains, Indians view with apprehension a split with China. The actual support for Communism in India is slight—about six percent of the 1952 ballot—yet India's stand on Korea may be taken as indicating her disgust with the basic antagonism between the United States and Russia. Because the Japanese peace treaty was felt to establish an American armed camp in the Far East, India withheld her signature. She is still unable to condemn a system which has, at least in the opinion of many Indians, worked economic and social wonders for Russia and China.

Today Indians seem to be interpreting Western imperialism more leniently. With the political independence of much of Asia assured, India is now ready to accept Western economic aid with little suspicion. It may be possible that determined Western efforts to make amends for past errors can counter the Communist appeal.

Perhaps all Asia hangs in the balance. That is the moral of this forthright and thought-provoking essay.

—JOHN TRUEMAN.

EAST VS. WEST IN INDIA: There must not be much of anybody left who doesn't know something about India and Pakistan. For the backward few, and for others who want to brush up on fundamentals, Percival Spear's little book, **"India, Pakistan, and the West"** (Oxford, $2), has just appeared in a second edition. To the original 1949 edition, Dr. Spear adds a brief chapter on the problems and political activities of the two countries during the years 1947-1951.

Any book this small on so great a subject—the whole of Indian history, geography, ethnology, religion, government, economy, and cultural conflict—will obviously not offer much to the specialist. Nor should specialists be unduly shocked to discover that it indulges in over-generalization. It occasionally lapses into unwitting condescension, too: *e.g.*, the observation, "Everywhere the Ben-

Your Literary I.Q.

Conducted by John T. Winterich

WORDS INTO MUSIC

Many famous musical compositions owe their genesis to specific pieces of literature. Blanche McKeown of Memphis, Tennessee, offers ten examples of these artistic affinities in scrambled form and asks you to unscramble them. At ten points per unit, a score of sixty is so-so, seventy gratifying, and eighty or better exceedingly gratifying. Answers on page 33.

1. "Ave Maria" (Schubert)
2. "The Seasons" (Handel)
3. "For Those We Love" (Hindemith)
4. "Out of This World" (Porter)
5. "Rigoletto" (Verdi)
6. "Symphony No. 2" (Bernstein)
7. "My Maryland" (Romberg)
8. "Symphony No. 9" (Beethoven)
9. "The Chocolate Soldier" (Strauss)
10. "Mississippi Suite" (Grofe)

A. "Arms and the Man" (Shaw)
B. "The Lady of the Lake" (Scott)
C. "The Seasons" (Thomson)
D. "Le Roi s'Amuse" (Hugo)
E. "The Age of Anxiety" (Auden)
F. "Ode to Joy" (Schiller)
G. "When Lilacs Last in the Dooryard Bloomed" (Whitman)
H. Amphitryon legend
I. "Barbara Frietchie" (Fitch)
J. "Adventures of Huckleberry Finn" (Clemens)

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Just Published

MANY of the books described below are reviewed in this issue or will be in forthcoming numbers. New works of fiction are listed elsewhere in this issue.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN. By Herbert Agar. New York: The Macmillan Co. $1.75. Another biography of the Civil War President, this a short one in Macmillan's Brief Lives Series by a Pulitzer Prize-winning historian.

BOTTEGHE OSCURE. Edited by Marguerite Caetani. New York: Farrar, Straus & Young. Paperbound, $2. The tenth issue of a periodical anthology of advanced-guard stories, poetry, and essays in French, English, and Italian texts.

CAMBRIDGE GLASS. By Lura Woodside Watkins. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. $4. The Glass Company of Cambridge, Massachusetts, which spun, blew, and cut wares from 1818 to 1888, is treated to a company history.

CAPTIVE SURGEON. By Ernest M. Lippa. New York: William Morrow & Co. $4. From the fire into the frying pan, from Austria's Nazis to China's Reds, is the trying odyssey recounted in this doctor's autobiography.

CARL LINNAEUS. By Knut Hagberg. Translated by Alan Blair. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. $4.50. A biography of a great eighteenth-century Swedish scientist-philosopher who made many lasting contributions to the field of botany.

A CENTURY ON WHEELS. By Stephen Longstreet. New York: Henry Holt & Co. $3. A lively history of the Studebaker Corporation, from 1852 to the present.

THE CULTIVATION OF COMMUNITY LEADERS. By William W. Biddle. New York: Harper & Bros. $3. A blueprint on how to get people to participate in community activities and assume civic responsibilities, using proper guidance and assistance from educational institutions.

DISCOVERY No. 1. Edited by John W. Aldridge and Vance Bourjaily. New York: Pocket Books. Paperbound, 35¢. A new publication accepting all literary forms, choosing from unsolicited manuscripts and periodically publishing what the editors consider the best of the lot.

EDUCATION AND LIBERTY. The Role of the Schools in a Modern Democracy. By James Bryant Conant. Cambridge, Mass.: Harvard University Press. $3. The president of Harvard University scrutinizes carefully British and American education, the four-year liberal arts college curriculum, and examines current, thorny questions raised by private schools.

EVOLUTION IN ACTION. By Julian Huxley. New York: Harper & Bros. $2.50. In the course of relating the established scientific findings on the subject, the eminent British biologist offers some provocative and original conclusions of his own.

THE GREEN LOVING. By Dorothy Hughes. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $2.50. A popular poet's subjective approach to human affairs in various local settings.

HAMLET THROUGH THE AGES. By Raymond Mander and Joe Mitchenson. New York: The Macmillan Co. $7. A compendious review of the way players have played and produced Shakespeare's "Hamlet" through the ages and the world over.

MAKERS OF MODERN SCIENCE: Charles Darwin, Sigmund Freud, and Albert Einstein. By Paul B. Sears, Gregory Zilboorg, and Leopold Infeld. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $4. Studies previously published as separate volumes in The Twentieth Century Library now packaged in a one-cover bargain.

MARY LINCOLN. Biography of a Marriage. By Ruth Painter Randall. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. $5.75. A scholarly retracing and reexamination of the accounts given by numerous friends and calumniators of Lincoln's wife and later widow. Mrs. Randall presents an unequivocal bill of loyalty and love.

MINERALS—A KEY TO SOVIET POWER. By Dimitri B. Shimkin. Cambridge, Mass.: Harvard University Press. $8. A systematic survey of the mineral resources, production, and consumption of the USSR, with some attempt to show how this has affected Soviet policy between 1926 and 1950.

ONE TOUCH OF FRANCE. By A. Hamilton Gibbs. New York: Doubleday & Co. $2.50. A long narrative poem recollecting the noted novelist's boyhood and later sojourns in France and reading like an expansive love letter.

OUT OF RED CHINA. By Liu Shaw-Tong. Translated by Jack Chia and Henry Walter. New York: Duell, Sloan and Pearce. $4. A graphic picture of first-hand experience in communized China's party system, propaganda machine, and army.

PRIMARY ELECTIONS IN THE SOUTH. By Cortez A. M. Ewing. Norman: University of Oklahoma Press. $2.75. A detailed closeup of "uniparty politics" that up until the last Presidential election has dominated the Southern scene, as seen by a University of Oklahoma research professor of government.

RUPERT OF THE RHINE. By Bernard Fergusson. New York: The Macmillan Co. $1.75. The biography of Rupert, a seventeenth-century Britisher, who commanded a fleet against the Dutch, founded the Hudson Bay Company, and topped his career as Governor of Windsor Castle.

SEA OF GLORY. By Francis Beauchesne Thornton. New York: Prentice-Hall. $3. A recreation of the lives of the Protestant, Catholic, and Jewish chaplains who in 1943 sank with the troopship *Dorchester* off the coast of Labrador.

THE SIGN OF JONAS. By Thomas Merton. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Co. $3.50. The five-year journal of the daily routine and reflections of a member of a Cistercian Order in Kentucky, a monk who has already made his literary mark with "The Seven Storey Mountain."

THE SILENT WORLD. By J. Y. Cousteau and Fréderic Dumas. New York: Harper & Bros. $4. Exhibiting deep-sea initiative, the Frenchman Cousteau, by means of an oxygen-tank-fitted "aqua-lung," discards conventional diving suits to explore hazardous parts of the Mediterranean and the Atlantic.

TWO ROADS TO TRUTH. By Edmund W. Sinnott. New York: The Viking Press. $3.50. Among the questions faced by the author, an eminent botanist and Yale graduate school dean, are such teasers as: Need Communism and Democracy, matters of faith and matters of science necessarily be irreconcilable, or is there "a basis for unity"?

WATER. By Thomson King. New York: The Macmillan Co. $3.50. A discussion which roams enthusiastically and far and wide in history and contemporary life to illustrate the economic, biological, and social significance of water. The author is Director of the Maryland Academy of Science.

THE WRITHEN WOOD. By Carleton Drewry. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. $2.75. Specific themes expressed in lyric poetry form, musing on the general relationship of man to nature, by the author of previous poetic works including "A Sounding Summer." —S. M.

gali goes he takes his *dhoti* with him." (It would be of equal intelligence to write, "Everywhere the Englishman goes he wears his trousers.") Yet, the writing is generally honest and direct. For instance, Dr. Spear is not afraid to describe the early operations of the East India Company as "the first disastrous period of drift, blunder, and experiment."

The book calls special attention to the degrees of conflict between Hindu, Islamic, and European cultures. Indian intellectuals have thus far managed to receive ideas from the West without abandoning their own past. They now face a crucial period of deciding whether to turn fully to the West, withdraw to the East, or try to fuse something different from either extreme.—WILLIAM CLIFFORD.

BIRTH OF A NATION: One can hardly imagine a more thoroughly documented account of conditions, events, and personalities that shaped Indonesia than George McTurnan Kahin's **"Nationalism and Revolution in Indonesia"** (Cornell University Press, $6). Dutch colonialism is shown—a system that paid 18 per cent to private investors in early years and brought authoritarianism, famine, and corruption to the people it exploited. The beginnings of a nationalist movement are described—miraculous beginnings they were, considering that colonial rule made high-school graduation possible for only 240 Indonesians each year, in a population of 70,000,000. The Japanese occupation is seen as a period of political coming-of-age of Indonesian nationalism, and of complete failure in the aims of the Japanese. Then comes the heart of the book—an analysis of political parties, leaders, military operations, governmental organization, and international interest in the Indonesian revolution that is almost a week-by-week chronicle of the years 1945-50.

What this scholarly book offers to the layman is a reminder that colonialism is doomed, that we are painfully unaware of vital issues and important leaders elsewhere in the world until it is too late for us to react to them intelligently, and that our belated good intentions may not always seem as honorable and generous to others as they do to ourselves.

South-East Asia specialists are unlikely to have anything surpassing this book in detail until the Indonesian leaders themselves take to writing memoirs. Dutch readers will not be particularly fond of Professor Kahin's work. —W. C.

CHINESE PUZZLE: Before he became President, Woodrow Wilson was pre-

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disposed to a benevolent policy toward China. Wilson's cherished dream was to bring peace and stability to China by furthering Christianity and democracy there. How he proposed to do this has been well told by Professor Tien-yi Li of Yale in **"Woodrow Wilson's China Policy, 1913-1917"** (Bookman Assoc., New York, $4.50).

In this scholarly study the repudiation of United States "dollar diplomacy" in China is clearly traced. Wilson could not brook economic exploitation of the young republic. In his moral indignation he carried public opinion with him. The support which he accorded to Yuan Shih-k'ai against the famous revolutionary Sun Yat-sen was likewise dictated by his attempt to insure an independent Chinese Government which might bring internal peace to the ancient land. But at the same time, as a unified China ran counter to Japanese plans for the Far East, Wilson found himself too much embroiled in European affairs to maintain China's integrity. Moreover, independent investors could get no specific diplomatic support from the President for their enterprises in China. This while Japanese economic expansion in China was proceeding apace.

Throughout, Wilson's idealism betrayed him into a morally praiseworthy but politically ineffective China policy. (How familiar it all sounds!) Up to 1917, Wilson had gained Chinese official gratitude and little more. It is to be hoped that the author will continue his fascinating study through Wilson's second Administration to tell us how the President had, eventually, to grapple with political realities. —J. T.

OLD VERSUS NEW IN JAPAN: During his war service, a Harvard professor wrote one of the first brief English treatments of Japanese history. Seven years after the original edition, Edwin O. Reischauer has revised **"Japan, Past and Present"** (Knopf, $3.75) to include a useful account of occupied Japan. Maps, a chronological table, and a bibliographical note round out the new volume.

The book contains a clear account of the growth of a native Japanese culture and language, and the establishment of a feudal order. Although they emerged from feudalism in the sixteenth century, the islands remained isolated from the West till Perry's naval guns were leveled on Tokyo in 1853. Then began the frantic pursuit of Western technology. In 1904 Japan defeated Russia, her chief obstacle to expansion, and a new pattern of modern war was unveiled. Soon jazz, movies, and baseball proclaimed Japan's coming of age in the twentieth century. Western protective tariffs were answered by renewed colonial expansion. Universities were purged and political opponents assassinated as the militarists gradually took over the Government from their pawns. But a "limited war" in China ended with the destruction of the Japanese Empire and foreign occupation.

Two big questions remain at the end of the book. With a population increasing at the rate of more than a million a year, can Japan find the economic resources to support her nascent democracy once all foreign props are gone? And what are democracy's chances of overcoming the recurrent opposing themes of the recent Japanese past?

The historian cannot answer dogmatically, but he can be optimistic. Reischauer is. —J. T.

—*From "China in Black and White."*

"Parting," by Huang Yung-tsan.

DEMOCRACY FOR CHINA: It is not easy these days to find sympathetic reporting on China; and the sober appraisal of recent American policy toward China must await its unhurried historian. But in the meantime, Dr. Carsun Chang, the founder of the Chinese Democratic-Socialist Party, has come forward with **"The Third Force in China"** (Bookman Assoc., New York, $4.50) to tell the tragic story of Chinese politics since 1937. As a widely-traveled elder statesman and as the author of the 1947 Chinese constitution, Chang has had unusual opportunities to assess democratic tendencies in China.

Chang claims that since 1924 the "real opinion" of the Chinese people has been ruthlessly suppressed. In the end, not even thirty-nine Chinese divisions boasting American equipment could stave off wholesale opposition to the nepotism, corruption, and dictatorship of Chiang Kai-shek's regime. Military aid from America there was aplenty, but America would not herself force an end to the prolonged civil war.

Chang insists that 90 per cent of the Chinese are anti-Communist, yet he feels that the present Government of China dares not act independently of Russia. As shaky as a house of mud and bamboo, this Communist Government may collapse when it raises up enough opposition throughout China.

Whatever the historical validity of Chang's premises and conclusions, he has written a vivid account of his party's attempt to chart a middle course and build on a residuum of democratic yearning in China. The book's chief value lies in its account of Chinese political psychology as illustrated in the characters of such men as Chiang Kai-shek and Mao Tse-tung. —J. T.

LITERARY I.Q. ANSWERS

1. B. 2. C. 3. G. 4. H. 5. D. 6. E. 7. I. 8. F. 9. A. 10. J.

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Cook & Tell

LAWTON MACKALL

KITCHEN secrecy seems definitely on the wane, judging by the groaning smörgasbord of revelatory volumes that now constitute a whole department of every bookstore, and the ever-growing consultative shelf with which culinary aspirations are goaded at the scene of their endeavors. Everything from hushpuppies to piroshki has come within ambition's scope.

Too many cookbooks? The more the headier! And, compared to what the butcher and the grocer charge, cheap. For five dollars—price of an ephemeral leg of lamb—one can acquire **"Paris Cuisine,"** by James A. Beard and Alexander Watt (Little, Brown), garnished with flavorful drawings and stuffed with two hundred dishes bagged at sixty palate-picked restaurants in the Gallic fleshpotopolis, each restaurant duly described. With opulent devotion to practicality, Mr. Beard "proved" the recipes by reproducing all these dishes in his New York apartment kitchen, which fits him a bit snugly but has not cramped his chameleonism as emulator of procedures of Monsieur Barthe of Maxim, of chefs of Alsatian *brasseries,* of Basque *bourride* exponents, of Russian dish-doers, and artificers of Moroccan style *cous-cous* and other Colonial provender. Some of the materials are hard to come by, let alone the skill.

For palateers of frailer mold a heartening little book is **"What's Cooking in France"** (Ives Washburn, $1.25), by Parisian hostesses Louise Bertholle and Simone Beck in collaboration with culinary recorder Helmut Ripperger. No truffles. No foie gras. No "caviar" except simulated by eggplant. No game birds or beasts. Just bourgeois sustenance readily translatable to the American home table.

Back we swing to haute cuisine with **"Candlelight and Cookery,"** by Carlos de Florez, entertainer of the great and gustatory at his home in the Faubourg St-Germain (Bond Wheelwright, $3). To mere readers, armchaired or aproned, M. de Florez is oh so urbanely sybaritic, second best manna wouldn't melt in his mouth, but his anecdotal pudding has its quota of chestnuts, or should we say marrons? Radio's "food magician" Osbourne Putnam bestows a bonnetful of cookery and color stuff in **"Paris Is a Nice Dish"** (Henry Regnery, $3). As would be expected of a *causeur* with pre-tested audience appeal, this report on fleshpots and what goes into them is sitting duck soup croutoned with apt chores, bouillabaisse to crème bachique. Less professionally patterned and pattered, **"The Garrulous Gourmet,"** by William Wallace Irwin (McBride, $3.95) has self-spoofing charm, discernment, and offhand erudition, plus a priceless introduction by Fred Allen. Blue ribbon available? Pin it on Mr. Irwin.

From researches in the provinces comes Elizabeth David with a great load of loot entitled **"French Country Cooking"** (Horizon Press, $2.95). Previously known for "A Book of Mediterranean Cookery," this British lady is jacket-flap-photoed as a mere wisp, causing us to wonder how she managed to so remain despite her investigatory partaking of so many devastating dishes. Whatever her secret, her readers are indebted to her for local traditionals rarely met with in print, such as a Landes way with red cabbage, an Orléans *cotignac* of quinces with oranges. Gascon *cassoulet* variations, and the Roussillon style of preparing plump partridges with wine, pimientos, oranges, and garlic. She expounds a spinach undertaking involving five days' routine and, to the astonishment of this reviewer who tried it, worth it.

THAT spot you see in the zenith is a cap I'm tossing for **"Chef's Holiday,"** by Idwal Jones, teller of tales of gullet emprise. This, his latest and richest (Longmans, Green, $3), takes us on a provincial junket, careproof and water-repellent, our companions resourceful troupers of Le Grand Cirque Royal for which some lions of questionable ferocity are to be picked up

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Lawton Mackall, restaurant editor of Gourmet *magazine and member of New York City's Board of Higher Education, is the author of "Knife and Fork in New York" and other books.*

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at Nantes, with redolent detainments (recipes given) lining the way thither and thereafter. I'd be a cad if I peached, and a fool if I let anybody get hands on my copy.

America, too, has its provinces that, proud as pouter pigeons, coo their ookeries for gatherers of regional recipes to jot and tout. Of such collections those that deal with foodways within the compilers' own bailiwicks are, generally speaking, more distinctive and more valuable as source books than those that reach out all over the map. Entitled to a lusty hail, therefore, is **"Coast to Coast Cookery"** (Indiana University Press, $3.95) which escapes that weakness by being a symposium—i.e., forty-two regional books in one—by newspaper food editors—numbering more than 100 and each speaking up for local specialties, with Marian Tracy, who chemed the entire project, acting as m.c. They make known the charms of and specifications for Georgia hoeake, sweet pickled peaches; mile-high ake (Idaho); steamed persimmon udding (Indiana); Miss Jennie's rum ake (Kentucky); Boston fish chowder, lobster stew, cream pie; mothered pheasant, black walnut pie Missouri); Moravian Christmas cookes, salt-rising bread (North Carolina). Josephine H. Pierce of the *Worester* (Mass.) *Telegram* gives us nadama bread (corruption of "Anna, amn her," sentiment of a fisherman ho had a lazy wife and often had o do his own cooking), blueberry ump, eel stiffle, quaking custard, sea ie, deep-fried blueberry turnovers nown as sizzlers. Because New York ity has no cuisine of its own, Clemntine Paddleford of the *Herald Triune* makes do with recipes from her avels; Jane Nickerson of the *Times* tes dishes of French, Balkan, Italian, nd Chinese restaurants as typifying ew York's cosmopolitanism.

Opining that the latter theme warnted a tome, Maria Lo Pinto (she of he Art of Italian Cookery") has sembled **"New York Cookbook"** (A. Wyn, $3) dealing with all the racial isines of Manhattan's melting-pot ck, beginning with aboriginal redin treats. As a well-marshaled rade this opus is impressive and lightening, but upon close inspecn is found to have faults of haste, rticularly in the Guide to Restauits, which misclassifies well-known ablishments and misleads as to ce scales. I carp at these slips, but the presence of another late Lo nto production, **"The Art of Making lian Desserts"** (Doubleday, $2.95), igh and dream.

atin cauldron and pan idioms that ered across the border—Spanish n soup, Spanish corn, chilis rellenos (stuffed peppers), beef enchiladas, tamale casserole, turkey molé—bumped smack into cracklin' bread, crumb griddle cakes, boathouse clam fritters, deviled ham puff, pine bark stew, eggnog pie (one to a consumer). Now both parties, along with dishes from other directions that came in to see what was going on, have gotten themselves an editor, Charleen McClain of *Holland's Magazine*, and a publisher (Tupper & Love, Atlanta, $3.95), entitled **"Holland's Southern Cookbook."** Covers whole region that people declare they're gwine back to.

Concentrating upon dishes that Mother of Six Presidents used to make, and still does, Norfolk matron Irene Lawrence King vouchsafes **"Culinary Gems from the Kitchens of Old Virginia"** (Dodd, Mead, $2.95). Generously sprinkled with asterisks denoting prized recipes, it so designates Broiled Filet with Mushrooms (and parsley, no less), whereas Vichyssoise, pining for a star but victim of caste prejudice, is denied any. No such markers are needed to give jewel status to the forty photographed arrangements assembled as **"Food and Flowers: a Book of Decorative Recipes,"** by Brenda Girvin (Studio-Crowell, $3). This is esthetics with a bang.

THE arts of make-do have their expounders, with bright schemes and brave systems. If you don't see your answer, look further down the counter. **"Be Your Own Guest,"** by Hale MacLaren (Houghton Mifflin, $2.75) promises that virtually all the cooking for your household can be done once a week; you to pick the day. Hers is Thursday, selected because of weekend entertaining. When that kitchen-busy day arrives at her home in La Jolla, California, into the oven goes a roast, such as leg of lamb, and muffins to be succeeded by a casserole; and top burners are given their assignments as well. By deep-freezing, warming as required, and light cooking of cheese soufflés and such, the range chores after Cooking Day are held to the minimum—hardly worth counting, you might say. Anyhow, Mrs. MacLaren doesn't choose to reckon them in, and I'm not her culinary auditor. Bulk of book is recipes. A sixteen-page wine section by Emerson Wirt Axe puts to the blush the average cookbook's sketchiness on that subject, but deals solely with French wines.

Home economist Ruth Beck, to whom cooking is as natural as breathing, spares us any jugglery. In following her specifications and timings in **"All-in-one Oven Meals"** (Barrows, $2.95) we can be certain that what goes in—such as, say, Tipsy Pig in nine- by twelve-inch baking pan

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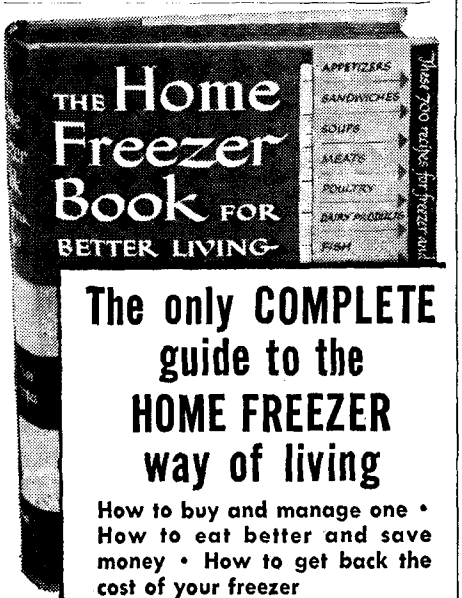

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tightly covered, and corn-and-potato casserole—will come out just dandy, any day of the week. By the same token Zella Boutell of **"The Home Freezer Book for Better Living"** (Viking. $4.95) glows with love for her chilly baby; she's suggesting economies and efficiencies with its aid, not stunt uses. And the addition of sour cream to sauerbraten—one of her 700 recipes—shows that her palate is a free agent, its idealism soaring above ceiling zero. Nor are John and Marie Roberson of **"The Casserole Cookbook"** (Prentice-Hall, $2.95) as engrossed with that utensil as some people who had never conned the book's contents might think. Oh, this team do concern themselves with smothering a chicken Dixie style, or potting a lamb pie or beersteak and kidney, but only as part of a meal; tarts and desserts are prepared with complete freedom. As for **"Mary Meade's Magic Recipes for the Electric Blender,"** by Ruth Ellen Church (Bobbs-Merrill, $3) that gadget, ordinarily supposed to be a drink concocting contrivance, is shown by this wide gamut of recipes to be fit to take on almost any culinary commitment short of haunch venison.

Our era of emancipation dates, I take it, from the day the maid left. Peggy Harvey puts it more flatteringly **"When the Cook's Away"** (Henry Regnery, $2.95)—and she flatters the reader's taste by the fastidiousness of her dishes, one of them Wild Duck Soup. The *Ladies' Home Journal's* Louella G. Shouer demonstrates in **"Quick and Easy Meals for Two"** (Henry Holt, $2.95) that celerity and facility need not mean monotony, the globe being dappled with distinctive cuisines of which this clever adaptress has availed herself. Deviousness, often credited to members of the bunny tribe, is foiled by the directness of Edith M. Barber in **"The Short-Cut Cook Book"** (Sterling, $2); she gives us Mushroom Rabbit—mushroom soup, egg, cheese—that goes straight to the proverbial spot. A complete cookery based on tins, frozen packages, and mixes, is divulged in **"The Can-Opener Cook Book,"** by Poppy Cannon (Crowell, $3). To me, most ingenious are her simulations of the classic French sauces. They wouldn't fell an epicure but he would find them acceptable.

ANOTHER geography book. Our Sunset region, extending from tamale territory up to that of Dungeness crabs, has had many interpreters—some grave, some jaunty, some jocular—but none more felicitous and flavor-sagacious than Pasadena's Helen Evans Brown, author of several choice books of ditto dishes, who has now gone the works with

"Helen Brown's West Coast Cook Book" (Little, Brown, $4). Among its threats to abstemiousness are Oregon cheddar pennies (cheese shortbread), avocado bisque, baked shad Sacramento, veal stew with oysters, sweetbreads Jessica (special cream sauce with sherry in molded ring of rice and chopped water cress), Oregon cherry and filbert toret, fried cream, and almond stuffed peach. Will power just can't buck this book. As a further underminer, there's **"Helen Brown's Holiday Cook Book"** (Little, Brown, $3), preparing us for meeting our fetes forelardered. Spiced St. Nicklas dolls on his feast day. Manicotti on Columbus Day. Canadian bacon on Independence Day is confusing.

By phenomenal zeal and operating under the egis of the *Woman's Home Companion,* of which she is field reporter, Nell Nichols has accomplished the feat of kettle-whistle-stopping all the nation's regions in **"Good Home Cooking Across the U.S.A."** (Iowa State College Press, $3.95). Rather than incite one revered college press to stick out its tongue at another, I'll dodge comparisons with Indiana's "Coast to Coast Cookery" *(vide supra)* and confine myself to the fact that "Across the U.S.A." is good reading as well as good cooking. I've local-lored myself loony with it, yet I still feel that meat-gravy-potato husbands are bigots; I wouldn't be one, and I wouldn't give one houseroom.

Well-fed-looking companion volume, **"What to Cook for Company,"** by Lenore Sullivan (Iowa State College Press, $3.95), which seems at first heft and scan to be just a staple article with a catchy title, proves revelatory and starts hares in unexpected directions. Its foreign menus, every item keyed to a recipe in body of book, are outstanding, especially the exotic ones; American regions, occasions, types of parties, are likewise covered, totaling a keen program of guidance by an author who is professor of institution management, with student palate verdicts to draw upon in her testing.

Another example of fresh and re-

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freshing approach is **"The Book of Good Neighbor Recipes,"** by Maxine Erickson, homemaker, and Joan M. Rock, home economist (Bond Wheelwright, $4), who lead off each section with an illuminating line-up of its offerings. Main dishes, for instance, in groups headed respectively "Meat Management," "With Ground Meats Add Imagination," "Where There's Only a Little Meat," "When Meat is Missing," "When Fish Replaces Meat," and "When There's Chicken or Other Fowl." In short, how to make appetizing use of what's on hand or within budget scope. I call that good neighborly counsel of the most valuable.

IF you think I'm squandering praise like a drunken press agent, I wish you'd associate for days, weeks, and in some cases months and months, with this golden age of culinary literature I've been surrounded with. A thumb stuck into almost any of them, pulls out a plum. And who would dismiss that heady barrel of distilled wisdom, the revised edition of **"America's Cook Book,"** compiled by the Herald Tribune Home Institute (Scribners, $3.95)—a volume you could curl up with and, reveling in its 3,500 recipes, its admonitions on marketing, etc., forget all else till you smell something burning on the stove. It's a library. It's a laboratory. It's a picture gallery. It's a chart room.

Duly conscious of treading uncertain ground, I invite consideration of the vitamin virtues and innocent pleasures of **"The Gardener's Cookbook,"** by Jean Krofsky (Crowell, $2.50), sponsored by Eastern States Farmers' Exchange. But for this opus, cooks might grope in ignorance of barbecued creamed potatoes, containing daredevil dash of Tobasco; might not relegate meat to an underdog role in diet. Rabbits will feel vindicated and steak addicts chastened into finishing their salad. Small likelihood, however, of a stampede of aficionados of San Francisco Bay's Trader Vic. His well-known roughage isn't the garden sort, and he has packed plenty of it into his latest virile vade-mecum, **"Trader Vic's Kitchen Kibitzer"** (Doubleday, $3), which cues the backyard barbecue performer. Choice was the lingo of that hard-bitten Escoffier of the mesquite, testy old Cookie at his chuck wagon, rasping as he dished out Sonofabitch Stew to cowhands: "The Wheel that creaks the lowdest, get the grease." And summoning to breakfast with, "Wake up, snakes, and bite a biscuit." And at supper, "Grab 'er now, or I'll spit in the skillet." Gone to their reward, he and his kind live on, untamed and un-Hollywooded, in **"Come an' Get It,"** by Ramon J. Adams, with drawings by Nick Eggenhofer (University of Oklahoma Press, $3.75), tasteful on all counts, and of permanent importance.

The late Arthur H. Deute's collection of his own hobby recipes, brought out in 1944 as "200 Dishes for Men to Cook," which was an immediate hit, has now been reissued by the same publisher under the title **"The Man's Cookbook"** (Barrows, $2.95). Best of its kind in this reviewer's opinion. Lüchow's, old and tradition-filled New York restaurant, sits for its word portrait in **"Lüchow's German Cookbook,"** by its new owner, Leonard Jan Mitchell (Doubleday, $3); introduction and illustrations by Ludwig Bemelmans. A book to hug with greed and gemütlichkeit.

Interesting to note that whereas German cookery has adopted Wienerschnitzel, the veal-partial Viennese have never acclimated sauerbraten; so don't expect to meet this dish in **"Viennese Cookery,"** by O. & A. Hess, edited and translated by Carla Schlesinger (Crown, $3). Text and tone of this standard work bespeak old-fashioned notion that a cook book's sole duty was to be accurate as to ingredients and procedures; history, romance, color, had no place. But to me, the very names of the dishes are conjurers.

A monumental work that maintains its aura of dignity and at the same unbends agreeably to inquirers is **"The Complete American-Jewish Cook Book,"** edited by Anne Landon and Bertha Kahn Bishov (World, $4.95). Containing more than 3,500 tested Kosher recipes, it groups in a special section those that are Passover dishes and explains their symbolic significance and use in sacred observances. Glossary of special terms of Yiddish and Hebrew origin will prove invaluable to non-Jews seeking authoritative information in regard to the traditions of this great people. Besides the home cooks for whom it was designed, restaurateurs and hotelmen will welcome this book, and so will gourmets desirous of rounding out their knowledge of the good things of the table.

Speaking of gourmets, it is a matter of rejoicing to those on this side of the Atlantic that **"A Concise Encyclopaedia of Gastronomy,"** edited by André Simon and published in London by the Wine and Food Society, is now available over here (Harcourt, $5). No other reference work in English is of comparable scope and authority. To veer from such a storehouse of knowledge and confront the assorted jocundities of the **"Holiday Book of Food and Drink"** (Hermitage, $3.95), comprising articles selected from past issues of *Holiday Magazine*, amounts to marked change of mental climate.

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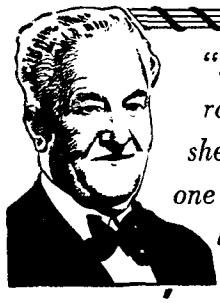

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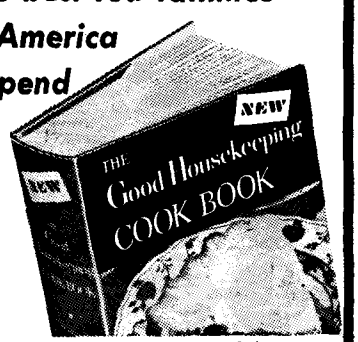

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But holidays relax us, as do good wines. And this sheaf of escapes from serious matters is thoroughly entertaining. Indeed, were it less widely distributed, its inclusion of Lucius Beebe's Pump Room posy would make it a collector's item.

HOW does one clean decanters? How should an Australian housewife fricassee a kangaroo tail? For answers to these vexing questions, and myriads of others, the British Empire applies to Mrs. Beeton who, though long since gone to her reward, is still as much an institution as the British Museum, Winston Churchill, and the Old Lady of Threadneedle Street. The earliest copy of Mrs. Beeton I ever held in my hands was inscribed on the fly-leaf "Feb. 1869" by the homemaker emeritus who loaned it to me. It possessed no illustrations, but told how to conduct elaborate Victorian dinners with enough entrées, roasts, and "removes" to sink a schooner. The latest edition, disseminated in America by Crown ($3) as **"Mrs. Beeton's English Cookery,"** sports many color plates and is bursting with counsel on every facet of the rôle of housewife. An Anglo-Saxon without it would lack culinary roots. We can only wonder at the temerity of literate cook and domestic scientist Bee Nilson from Down Under who, sans obeisance to Beeton, has put forth **"The Penguin Cookery Book,"** bulging pocketful of clear, concise practicality (Penguin Books, Baltimore, 95¢). Rich in hints, it gives none, however, as to why Albion elects to call kidneys, liver, sweetbreads, and other spare parts by the group name "offal." But whatever jargon is employed kitchenwise in the remote Antipodes, it is certain that Britishers will forever demand the best in eating —whenever they can get it.

The wives of the U. S. Submarine Force have published for the benefit of the Navy Relief Society a cookbook whose recipes have been contributed by wives and widows of the Force all over the world. **"Dolphin Dishes,"** edited by a committee and published at the Submarine Base in New London, Connecticut, is issued in attractive format, with amusing illustrations, and contains a long list of delectable dishes ranging from bread to papaya sherbet with clear and precise directions for their making. The volume contains also suggestions for menus and household hints. It is one that even the well-stocked kitchen shelf should find a valuable addition to its manuals.

Hark to the bearers of special messages, stimulating and comforting. Business career gal Alice Wilson Richardson tell us—**"The Just a Minute Cookbook"** (Prentice-Hall, $2.50)—how to whip up a meal in a trice or two, and how to avoid being stuck in the kitchen when guests arrive. Any of her menus, be it ever so simple, has imagination and will make sense to people in the gastronomic know . . . The glories of sour milk, cream, buttermilk, and yogurt are enticingly trumpeted by the sister team of Lois Semption and Marguerite Ashbrook to the tune of **"Cooking with Magic"** (Charles A. Bennett, Peoria, Ill., $3.95). Majority of recipes, ranging from soups to puddings, cakes, and candies, are Middle Western out of Middle Europe, especially Hungary. Caution: don't devour the forty large photographic illustrations, no matter how strongly their realism affects you . . . Is there a three-alarm two-layer crisis in your home? Then dash to a copy of **"Desserts America Loves,"** by Mary Wilson (Bennett, $2.50) and snatch recipe for Emergency Chocolate Cake, preparable in little more than half an hour. Pineapple pecan upside-down cake takes ten minutes longer, if you can bear to wait. What with meringue pies, frozen creations, and fudgework, these Wilsonian wallow-wares for sweet tooths run to more than 250. . . . Anne Seranne's **"Delectable Desserts"** (Little, Brown, $3) served up with fastidious temptingness in keeping with its name, accents the unusual rather than the familiar. Mere nothings that are really somethings . . . **"Recipes Mother Used to Make"** by Edna Beilenson (Peter Pauper Press, Mt. Vernon, N. Y., $3.50) professes nostalgia for a composite Mom fragrant-kitchened in New England, in the South, in the Middle West, in the Far West, and backgrounded with European cookways; book partitioned accordingly. Large print and cheery format give these attractive formulae a fresh, irresistible look.

FORTUNE'S smiles were a certainty for **"Elsie's Cook Book,"** credited to the noted Borden bossy, with Harry Botsford as straight-faced amanuensis (Bond Wheelwright: clothbound, color illus., $3.; paperbound, bl.-&-wh. illus., $1); nor can readers help chuckling at the interspersed dialogues between frilly-aproned Elsie and her blustery ring-nosed Elmer—fencing sessions which end up with Elmer fenced in, as is the lot of any male, four-legged or two-legged, subjected to the arts of husband-keeping with which this book deals. Illustrations by Elsie's own portraitist Keith Ward, a chortlesome study in themselves. The recipes, forthright and kitchen-tested, are in many cases accompanied by helpful suggestions as to what to serve with and after. For convenience, much use

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is made of canned products, ready mixes, etc., without overstressing, or yet forgetting, Borden's fresh and canned milk, and Borden cheeses.

Sino succulence is acquiring more and more expounders, each with a different objective. Celestial extrovert Sou Chan, who is one of the most dynamic restaurant hosts in New York's theatre zone, offers in **"The House of Chan Cookbook"** (Doubleday, $2.50) a selection of comparatively easy dishes out of the huge and complicated repertory of his multi-staffed kitchen. Specialties involving bean curds, for instance, are omitted because of the difficulty of obtaining that perishable white delicacy in cities which have no Chinatowns, but there is enough agenda in the way of butterfly shrimps, Chinese soups, *foo young* variations, and meat, fish, and fowl entrèes to keep any adventurer engrossed.

Larger and stricter (no adaptations) is **"The Chinese Cook Book"** by Wallace Yee Hong (Crown, $3). Mr. Hong, native of Canton, where his father was a chef, has been a culinary careerist and restaurateur in New York and Boston. He offers the most inclusive and most meticulous set of specifications for Cantonese and Northern Chinese traditionals, plus chop sueys, ever made available to American readers. Incidentally, he has struck a new note in recipe presentation—each ingredient keyed with an alphabetical letter by which it is referred to in the two paragraphs beneath, headed respectively "Preparation" and "Cooking." Even his recipe for steak with assorted vegetables, which has twenty-three ingredients, and those for pork subgum chow mein and "Chinese vegetarian's great varieties," which have twenty-four apiece, are plain sailing. To amateur cooks, however, much of this informative book will remain theory for lack of such materials as ginseng roots, hair seaweed, and shark's fin, at eight dollars to fifteen dollars a pound.

WHICH reminds me, if you are cooking in English, French, Italian, Spanish, or Scandinavian and have a supply problem as regards fresh herbs, a wallet of expert hints on how to grow them in pots or beds is **"The Home Garden of Herbs and Spices,"** by Milo Miloradovich (Doubleday, $2.95). As diet de-cursers such seasonings, along with vinegar, Tabasco, soy sauce, and Worcestershire, figure throughout **"Reducing Cook Book"** by Llewellyn Miller (Crowell, $2.75), sound, medically endorsed entrant in a field where canny lunacies have the call. Luckily for her potential audience Miss Miller writes better than the hokum slingers and makes use of depicted calorie-scales atilt to show, for example, relative "weights" of eight shrimp with Thousand Island Dressing (275 calories) and same shrimp with tomato sauce (fifty calories). I have consumed some of her consolation prizes and found them reassuring.

Ida Bailey Allen, without whom sundry millions of houses might have gone unkept, addresses herself in timely fashion to the family larder's budgetary plight with **"Solving the High Cost of Eating"** (Farrar, Straus, and Young, $3.95). It lops expenses right down the line, from milk bill to meat bill, and does so without slashing nutrition-values—in fact, the latter are stepped up by the use of her five favorite fortifiers: dried skim milk, soy flour, wheat germ, dried brewers' yeast, and unsulphured molasses. Exemplified profusely and palatably. Allen doughnuts, costing fraction of boughten, boast all five boosters.

" 'Twixt the Cup and the Lip," by sociologists Margaret Cussler and Mary L. de Give (Twayne, $3.95) offers no culinary guidance but starts numerous hares. It is a study of psychological and socio-cultural factors affecting food habits, based in the main on personal investigations in rural communities of Georgia and the Carolinas, which brought out the fact that home-produced foods in those areas are now regarded locally as being less desirable than foods bought in town stores—especially foods processed and attractively packaged. Advertising agencies will be more than interested. One housewife called upon by these inquirers to ascertain the extent of her consumption of pink grape fruit and the ordinary kind responded: "I have never ate either one so I couldn't ruther about either one." And yet there are alarmists who would have us believe America has more cook books than it really needs.

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SR's World Travel Calendar

MARCH, APRIL, MAY

Australia

ROYAL EASTER SHOW *(Mar. 27-Apr. 7, Sydney):* Grand Parades, livestock show, rodeo, polo, trotting.

STAWELL GIFT RACE *(Apr. 6, Stawell, Victoria County):* About 200 professionals compete in one of the world's richest foot races.

Austria

FAIR *(Mar. 15-22, Vienna):* Agriculture, woodcarving, fashions, art displayed at annual international exhibition.

FAIR *(Apr. 30-May 5, Graz):* Machinery, agricultural products, Austrian handicrafts for export shown.

HISTORIAN CONGRESS *(May 26-29, Graz):* Meeting of professional historians from all parts of the world.

VIENNA FESTIVAL *(May 30-June 21, Vienna):* Main event a new drama "Lieber Augustin." Paul Hoerbiger in leading role. Modern music section slated June 8-20.

Belgium

MID-LENT FESTIVITIES *(Mar. 15, Antwerp, Ostend, Stavelot):* Dances, parties, carnivals offer respite from fasting.

INTERNATIONAL FAIR *(Apr. 25-May 10, Brussels):* Thirty sections devoted to industry and trade. Foodstuffs, clocks, perfumes, photography and films part of 27th exhibition.

PROCESSION OF THE HOLY BLOOD *(May 4, Bruges):* Annual religious pageant based on drops of Holy Blood brought from Palestine by Thierry d'Alsace in 1150 and now enshrined in a golden casket. Procession features scenes from Old and New Testaments; takes two hours to pass.

Britain

SHAKESPEARE FESTIVAL *(Mar. 17-Oct. 31, Stratford-upon-Avon):* Plays presented in beautiful Shakespeare Memorial Theatre.

GRAND NATIONAL *(Mar. 28, Aintree):* World's top steeplechase event.

RUGBY LEAGUE CUP FINAL *(Apr. 25, Wembley, Middlesex.)*

BRITISH INDUSTRIES FAIR *(Apr. 27-May 8, London and Birmingham.)* One hundred trades exhibited. Heavy industries in Birmingham; more portable units in London.

BEETHOVEN-DVORAK FESTIVAL *(May 12-17, Hastings, Sussex.)* Choral, instrumental, orchestral compositions of two masters.

BATH ASSEMBLY *(May 13-23, Bath, Somerset):* Stage and photoplays, ballet, church music, symphonic concerts. Crowning event usually a period costume affair in the famous Pump Room.

BRITISH AMATEUR GOLF CHAMPIONSHIP *(May 25-30, Liverpool):* Open to golfers of all nationalities.

Denmark

APPLIED ARTS SHOW *(Mar. 1-14, Odense):* Textiles, ceramics, silverware, toys.

KING FREDERIK IX's BIRTHDAY *(Mar. 11, Copenhagen):* Parade, concert on Amalienborg Square.

INTERNATIONAL FAIR *(Mar. 20-29, Copenhagen):* Machinery, metal goods, hardware. Consumer goods section Apr. 10-19.

QUEEN INGRID'S BIRTHDAY *(Mar. 28, Copenhagen):* Concert, Royal Life Guards parade.

ROYAL DANISH BALLET FESTIVAL *(May 25-31, Copenhagen):* Classical, modern ballet.

AMATEUR MUSICIANS *(May 28-June 14, Aarhus):* About 100 orchestras from all parts of the world participate.

France

FILM FESTIVAL *(Apr. 15-29, Cannes):* About 20 countries exhibit as many as 35 feature films. Awards for best film, action, direction.

FOLKLORIC FESTIVAL *(Apr. 4-11, Biarritz):* Music, dancing, sports typical of the Pyrenees Mountains.

INTERNATIONAL FAIR *(Apr. 11-20, Lyon):* Hundreds of commercial products displayed in more than a million square feet of covered area, and half-a-million square feet of outdoor exhibits.

INTERNATIONAL FAIR *(May 9-25, Paris):* Hundreds of exhibits range from dolls to printing presses.

PILGRIMAGE *(May 23-25, Saintes-Maries de la Mer):* Religious festival of gypsies. Procession to the sea follows religious ceremony in church where statues of saints are stored.

FOUNTAINS *(May 24, Versailles):* First display of season.

FOOTBALL FINAL *(May 31, Paris):* Finale de la Coupe de France.

Germany

RIDING, DRIVING TOURNAMENT *(Mar. 13-15, Munich):* International horsemanship contests.

AUER DULT *(Apr. 25-May 3, Munich):* Big rummage sale, folk festival. Lost or forgotten works of art, other valuables often found at the sale. Fine hunting ground for specialists.

GERMAN INDUSTRIES FAIR *(Apr. 26-May 5, Hannover):* About fifteen nations display foundry machines, printing presses, gears, transformers, office equipment. Half-a-million tulips for decoration.

HORTICULTURAL DISPLAY *(May 2-Oct. 18, Hamburg):* Flowers, fruits, vegetables.

BODENSEE FAIR *(May 8-17, Friedrichshafen):* Business fair stressing products, industries connected with tourism.

INSTITUTE OF MODERN MUSIC *(May 26-30, Darmstadt):* Concerts, lectures, seminars on musical composition at Kranichstein Institute. Open to all, but of special interest to students of music.

Hawaii

FOLK DANCE FESTIVAL *(Mar. 14, Honolulu):* Hundreds of children present program of racial dances in appropriate costumes. Popular camera event.

PRINCE KUHIO DAY *(Mar. 26, Honolulu):* Special ceremonies by Hawaiian societies honor memory of birthday of Prince Kuhio, first delegate to Congress from Hawaii.

SUNRISE SERVICES *(Apr. 5, Punchbowl National Cemetery and Hawaii Nat. Park.)*

LEI DAY *(May 1, Honolulu):* Ribbons given for most original, most beautiful, best made leis. Concert by Royal Hawaiian Band. Pageant at outdoor theatre, U. of Hawaii.

Israel

PURIM *(Mar. 1):* Feast of Lots.

PASSOVER *(Mar. 31):* Marks exodus of Jews from Egypt.

EIN GEV MUSIC FESTIVAL *(Apr. 1-6, at Kibutz Ein Gev on sea of Galilee.)* Rural music celebration staged annually during Passover Week. Israel Philharmonic performs classical music and at least one new composition. Local, regional groups also heard.

INDEPENDENCE DAY *(Apr. 20, Tel Aviv):* Parades, music, dancing to mark 5th anniversary.

Ireland

ST. PATRICK'S DAY *(Mar. 17, nationwide):* Football, dog shows, hockey, racing.

"AN TOSTAL" *(Apr. 5-26, nationwide):* Ireland at Home. Music, theatre, sports.

GRAND OPERA *(Apr. 20-May 16, Dublin):* Munich State Opera Co. and Dublin Grand Opera Society.

SPRING SHOW WEEK *(May 5-9, Dublin):* Annual industries fair.

NATIONAL MUSICAL FESTIVAL *(May 24, 25, Athlone):* Musicians perform on Uileann pipes, fiddles, flutes.

Italy

RELIGIOUS CELEBRATION *(Apr. 2, Assisi):* Holy Thursday observance. A 600-year-old carving of Christ laid on a bier of black velvet. The devout file by and kiss the pierced feet.

FIREWORKS *(Apr. 4, Florence):* Famous explosion of the Easter Cart.

SAMPLES FAIR *(Apr. 12-27, Milan):* Thirty-first international fair featuring industries of northern Italy, such as autos, silks.

Netherlands

SPRING FAIR *(Mar. 17-26, Utrecht):* Commercial fair showing new inventions, improvements, clothing, furniture, textiles, food, agriculture, cheese, flower bulbs.

FLORAL EXHIBIT *(Mar. 14-May 14, Heemstede):* The Flora, staged once every ten years on an old estate planted with millions of bulbs. Lilacs, carnations, roses, orchids, due Mar. 27-Apr. 6.

QUEEN'S BIRTHDAY *(Apr. 30, nationwide):* Carnival air prevails in cities.

Philippines

INTERNATIONAL FAIR *(Manila, Mar. 1-Apr. 30):* Asia's first world's fair.

Portugal

FISHERMEN'S FESTIVAL *(May 3-5, Sezimbra):* Regional dances, singing.

RELIGIOUS TREK *(May 13, Fatima):* Thousands trek to famous shrine where three youngsters are said to have seen a vision.

Spain

SACRED DRAMA *(Mar. 1, 8, 15, 22, 29, and Holy Wk., Mar. 29-Apr. 5, at Cervera, Molins de Rey, Esparraguera, Olesa de Monteserrat.)* Play based on Christ's passion.

RELIGIOUS FIESTA *(Mar. 8, Castellon):* Historical, religious cavalcade, bullfights.

"FALLAS" *(Mar. 12-19, Valencia):* Burning of effigies, bullfights, fireworks.

FAIR *(Apr. 18-23, Seville):* Bullfights, pageants, parades, many visitors in regional costumes. Fandango danced often.

Switzerland

FAIR *(Apri. 11-21, Basel):* Swiss industries.

SPRING FESTIVAL *(Apr. 19, 20, Zurich):* Parade, burning of Old Man Winter.

OPEN AIR PARLIAMENT *(Apr. 26, Appenzell, Hundwil, Saren, and Stans; May 3, Glarus.)*

Turkey

ART SHOW *(Mar. 23, Istanbul):* Exhibition of modern Turkish art.

YOUTH, SPORTS DAY *(May 19, nationwide):* Games, track competitions.

500th ANNIVERSARY *(May 20-June 20, Istanbul):* Celebrate capture of Istanbul by Turks. Patriotic ceremonies, parades.

—Robert Meyer, Jr.

Further information may be obtained by writing World Calendar, The Saturday Review, 25 West 45th St., New York 36, N. Y.

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How Pathfinder Magazine says:

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***from an article in the bi-weekly news magazine,* THE PATHFINDER:**

Dream trips you can afford:

ROUND THE WORLD FOR $478

THE LITTLE Tyrhennia Line steamer *Olbia* takes a couple of days to butt through the Mediterranean, from Genoa via Leghorn to brigand-riddled Corsica. If you're aboard, don't stay up late watching the wild mountain dances of Ligurian peasants on the steerage deck. For you must be on deck at dawn—while you pass the lone island of Capraia, with salt-blown Elba to the south—to watch for the high Corsican peaks to show above the horizon.

At $6.50 (including five full meals), the *Olbia's* voyage is a fair example of dream trips you can afford. And there are others—colorful journeys to exotic lands that often cost little more than your vacation at home. Trade your usual beach for a houseboat in the Vale of Kashmir, or a cruise among the lesser Caribbean islands by native trading schooner.

You can travel clear around the world —to South Seas coral isles and the misty lakes of New Zealand, to Australia and the plains of Africa, to Europe's leisurely antiquity—for just $478 in fares. That long steamer jaunt can be duplicated in ten days by plane for $1,700, but where's the fun?

Last year, 52 million Americans spent a record of $12 billion on vacations. Many went on organized cruises at prices from $125 to $25,000. But some traveled off the tourist track, got cheaper and more glamorous vacations.

JUST REMEMBER

- *Bargain paradises get that way because they haven't been discovered by tourist mobs. They're harder to find and to reach—but more rewarding.*
- *Chromed ocean liners and international hotels are America transplanted. For fun at budget prices, go by freighter and stay at pensions.*
- *Make your longest hop from Europe, not directly from the U. S. Currency differentials and lower European rates can save up to 50%.*
- *Don't go unless you're ready to plan well ahead and to shop for travel bargains.*

CARIBBEAN. There are still undiscovered Edens at America's back door. Tobago, the Robinson Crusoe island that rivals Tahiti, where living is so cheap the island's chief official gets only $240 a month. Or Grenada, which, as a native described it: "Dis islan', suh, is t'ing Gahd mek from rainbo'." There, for $12 a week, you can rent a three-bedroom house with its own private beach. Many of the best spots can be reached only by trading schooner. Go down to the waterfront at Grenada or elsewhere and bargain with dusky skippers to make your own price—keep this up and cruise all the lesser islands of this jeweled chain.

Here's a sampling of dream trips

Round the World. Every 2 months a Shaw Savill vessel leaves London for Curacao, Panama, and New Zealand. Cross the Pacific, change at Wellington for another SSL ship going west via Australia and South Africa back to England. Minimum fare about $478—but the trip is usually booked up 15 months in advance. (Reach London for about $175 from New York.) Other round the world trips from the U. S. as low as $250-$300 a month via deluxe freighters.

India. Minimum fare from New York to Ceylon, India, or Malaya is about $350. Transhipping in England, you can make the trip by luxury liner (tourist class) for $319. Go to the lotus-covered mountain lakes of Kashmir, where a furnished houseboat with four turbaned servants rents for $70 a month. Total costs for a couple run around $175 a month in the most beautiful spot on earth.

South Seas. You can still live the life of a Tahitian beachcomber—but not in Tahiti which has found out about the Yankee dollar. Instead, drowse on brilliant Sigatoka Beach at Suva or watch Pacific combers crash on reef-girt Norfolk or Lord Howe Islands. (You can reach the South Seas by freighter from the U. S.)

Africa. Perhaps the biggest travel bargain today is an 80-day luxury cruise round the Dark Continent, calling at a score of colorful ports like Dar-es-Salaam, for $700, round trip from Amsterdam. (You can reach Holland for $165 from the U. S.)

Mediterranean. A two week cruise to Malta, Naples, Casablanca, and Lisbon starts as low as $92, round trip from London, but try a longer stay—in the lush valleys of Mount Olympus on Cyprus, where a couple can live comfortably for $1,400 a year; on Aegean islands that hide remnants of a 5,000-year-old civilization among olive and cork groves; or with the fisherfolk of rocky Sardinia, where hotel rates are 24c a day or $1.12 with three good meals.

Atlantic Islands. Green cones standing out of the sparkling waters of the South Atlantic—these are the Azores and the Canaries. Tropical flowers, sandy beaches, and the charm of old Spain are combined here—with rents of about $20 a month, groceries for a couple at $10 a week and servants $5 a month each.

The vagabond voyager with a fistful of dreams can get aids to planning from these 2 guides:

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THE TIME OF THE TSUBAME

KYOTO.

THE next time I am provoked to the brink of homicide by conductors on some American railroads which shall be nameless I shall reflect with tenderness and longing upon *The Swallow*. Or, in the language indigenous to these parts, *The Tsubame*. *The Swallow* is a crack train that runs between Tokyo and Osaka, stopping en route at Kyoto, a trip of seven hours and twenty-two minutes. The ordinary train takes twelve hours and thirteen minutes for the same run, and so *The Swallow* is treated with some respect around the railroad tracks.

For instance, when it leaves a station every trainman on the platform comes stiffly to attention at the edge of the track and wheels around, facing the departing cars. All the candy-butchers take off their hats until *The Swallow* has flown out of the depot. The observation car is fitted with deep, upholstered chairs; an orchid plant blooms by the window; chrysanthemums fill a vase in the corner. In attendance is a steward wearing a white coat and an armband on which is lettered the word "Boy." When he isn't dashing up and down the aisles making deep bows, Boy sits in his own compartment behind a frosted glass door that says "Boy."

After the train is a mile or two out of Tokyo depot, Boy appears with hot wet washrags guaranteed to refresh the fevered passenger, and a cup of inevitable hot, green, unsweetened Japanese tea. No charge. In the front of the car is a little snack-bar decorated with an urn of fresh fruit. Small charge. About five miles out, Boy comes around to introduce the conductor who is dressed in a natty blue uniform, red band on arm, white gloves on hand. The conductor takes off the fancy hat, smiles to reveal a full keyboard, then bows so deep he could snatch a handkerchief off the floor with his teeth. "Tickets, please," he says.

At Hammamatsu, which is half-way between Tokyo and Osaka, everyone piles out of the cars for a ten-minute stop. Music floats from a loudspeaker, and a gent in a white gym suit and a white cap mounts a dais set up on the platform. After bowing deeply in each direction, he leads the passengers in setting-up exercises. The Santa Fe was never like this, not even when Judy Garland was a singing waitress on it.

The railroad station in Kyoto, a city of a million, is probably the only modern structure in it. A white granite tower rises seven stories over the acres of low brown buildings, every floor above the second a restaurant specializing, in ascending order, in pork cutlets, Chinese delicacies, baked eels, pastries and candy, and fish fritters. The night cloaks Kyoto in a mood that is medieval, and even though formless kimono-wrapped ladies of the evening materialize out of the woodwork of the houses, still there is an honest romance about the place. The moon shines down on the ancient-style Sanjo Bridge that spans the Kamo River, and the still is broken by the strange wail that is part ripple of a snake-charmer, part trill of a bagpipe. It is the sound of the *yatai*, the hot noodle salesman who pushes his cart by the light of his swinging lantern over the old Sanjo, and past the place that calls itself the Coney Island Tea Room.

There are several Western hotels in Kyoto, notably the Miyako, which has endless corridors, a hilltop view, a swimming pool, tennis court, and an uncentral location. We left its comparatively homelike bosom to spend one night at a Japanese inn, the Kaneiwaro-bekkan on the banks of the Kamo, within sound, so said the brochure, of the warbling chidori, which is to say, plover.

Nine retainers and the owner collapsed at the door when we pulled up. "Ah, mama-san, papa-san," they said, smiling all over the place and bowing. We bid our shoes goodbye at the entrance and slid into a pair of slippers. The entire troupe led us up the stairs to our room. It opened on a small vestibule with no furniture except for a make-up table. If mama-san got on her knees in front of the mirror, she could put on her make-up handily.

SHOES, we have come to know, are proper equipment for the streets, slippers for the halls, but if you enter a room you do it in stocking feet. Our living-room, dining-room, and bedroom, which was all one cubicle, were covered with straw matting. In the center was a table separated from the floor by eighteen inches and flanked by a pair of armrests that stood on

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—*Photos by Horace Sutton.*

The face of Japan scrutinizing the West also *looks back*, as does the uniformed schoolboy (upper left). While the USA's legacy has been a form of democracy, the country is still framed in the lanterns of its old cultures. The farmer-girl from Toba manages a steel-capped smile; the Shinto priest is bemused; while the Kyoto mother-and-child *can look ahead only* to more work and more children.

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pedestals one foot high. If you slid open the rice-paper doors you were on a terrace that was exactly as wide as each of the rattan chairs that were on it. You could see the Kamo River, but the chidori, or plover, was playing it dumb.

Kaneiwaro-bekkan's heating, like that of any Japanese home, was not only not central, but it was, let us say, informal. There was an *hibachi*, which is an urn filled with ashes and a few hot coals, and also a *kotatsu*, which is more or less the same thing covered by wooden grillwork. The idea is that the family sits around it and a quilt is thrown over all the legs that are present. Easily the hottest thing in a Japanese hotel is the bath. It begins with a double kimono for each guest which one is expected to slip into while the housegirl stands by. She couldn't care less, I think. Then she and the bathboy lead the kimono parade down the stairs, past the front desk, and the registering guests, and into the inferno. No New England dinner was ever more boiled.

Dinner was cooked over a one-burner, and when it was done Otoku, our housegirl, folded up the one-burner, took out the dishes, put the table up against the wall, and came in with a pile of comforters. You sleep between the comforters and you put your head on a canvas bag filled with dry beans. I shall not risk the ridiculous by calling it a pillow. To travel to the bathroom means walking (stocking feet) to the border of the hall, putting on a pair of waiting slippers, shuffling to the edge of the tiled floor, stepping out of the slippers, and jumping into a pair of wooden clogs that are parked by the bathroom door. From bathroom to bedroom to departure in the morning means clogs to slippers to stocking feet to slippers and back to one's own shoes at the front door. It involves the greatest exercise of footwork seen since Benny Leonard. Breakfast might ordinarily mean unsweetened green tea and pickled radishes, but a Westerner can usually turn up some eggs, which are kept on hand since meat is dipped into the raw yokes in the course of transporting sukiyaki between frying pan and mouth.

There are those who complain that the shopping in Kyoto is overrated, but what you must do is to poke around among the factories. The prices will be no less than what you pay for the same goods in the shops of Tokyo, but after seeing the hand labor that goes into each product the machine-conditioned Westerner comes away with more tolerance for the cost of goods. The director of the lacquerware factory explains that there are fifty-five steps between a piece of cypress and the ultimate fabrication of a high gloss rice-bowl, wooden cup, picture album, or cocktail glasses. Lacquerware takes thirty hours to dry between lacquerings, Cloisonné, known as *shippo yaki* or seven-treasured ware, takes thirteen steps, including four enamel bakings. Woodblock prints are still rolled out by the ancient processes, and some intricate work is done by long-taloned fingernail weavers who are the harpists of the world of textiles. Some of the best looking handicraft is damascene ware, which is a dull black surface inlaid with handsome designs in gold and silver wire.

THE big attraction in Kyoto the week we were in town was the simultaneous presence of the *kabuki*, Japan's 400-year-old theatre. With some difficulty we were able to obtain tickets at 900 yen, or nearly $3 each, a rather robust fee for a Japanese. The seats were actually cushions on the floor, and since the performance runs from ten in the morning until four in the afternoon and my yogi positions were a little rusty, we sought to change the tickets to ordinary Western-style theatre seats in the orchestra. This proved to be a cinch, for there were rows of unoccupied places. It was explained that geisha girls and large companies were in the habit of buying blocks of tickets and holding

FRASER YOUNG'S LITERARY CRYPT No. 503

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 503 will be found in the next issue.

CAVE OCK ZVE BE T

FGHBEVHH TNCTDH TPSVV,

KEV KM OAVZ BH

GEEVRVHHTSD.

C. CSBPNVD XS.

Answer to Literary Crypt No. 502

It is magnificent to grow old, if one keeps young.

—HARRY E. FOSDICK.

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them for last-minute friends of the establishment. A number of geishas were in the house, sitting quietly for hours on pillows or in the first rows of the orchestra, where their immense hair-dos must have provided a monumental problem in vision to those who sat behind them.

Ka means singing, *bu* is dancing, *ki* means play. Kabuki involves all three talents. The stage is immense, and to supplement the entrances and exits there is a long runway extending from the stage to the back of the theatre. Characters can appear from this pathway, from the wings, or on some occasion they will pop out of trapdoors in the floor. For some interludes a reader and a *samisen* strummer sit on a platform to the right of the stage, from which vantage point they maintain a running commentary that sounds like a recording of a tobacco auctioneer being played on the wrong speed. Some numbers are accompanied by eight *samisen* players and a choral group of ten who also thump on drums. All sing nasally and play in a manner that by Western standards could only be judged as nearly off-key and positively listless.

The costuming is stupendous, and the effects by local standards I took to be splendid, because a bit of posturing by an actor ending with a fluttering of the eyelids and a motionless pose would cause an effusive spluttering of applause from my neighbors in the audience. The language seemed always high and unreal, probably because all parts are played by men. Four hundred years ago, when the kabuki began, women were considered a.) too small for the big stage, b.) invitations to immorality among traveling companies, and c.) rather dirty people anyway.

Scene changes are effected by stage hands who wear black suits and black masks and frequently remain on the stage while the curtain is up. If a character requires a costume change, he may be surrounded by a cluster of stage hands holding screens, even as an American football player who has ripped his pants in the middle of a game is protected by a covy of assistant managers with blankets.

According to my notes, the gent behind me broke out the sake bottle at 11:10 A.M., but most everyone else waited an hour for the intermission, at which time they filed upstairs to the lunchroom and plunged into little wooden boxes filled with dandy morsels of raw fish, cold rice, and bean curds all tied together with a string of cold seaweed. Probably they discussed the play between mouthfuls, but I couldn't understand a word.

—Horace Sutton.

A Man from Porlock

By Melville Cane

In the midst of recording "Kubla Khan," which had come to him complete in a dream, Coleridge was interrupted by a visitor, "a person on business from Porlock." The intrusion broke the spell; "all the rest had passed away like the images on the surface of a stream into which a stone has been cast."

He dreams and breathes an ether rarer
Than natural air, of splendor fairer
Than planet-blaze, distilled of honey-dew,
Gilding the pleasure-dome of Xanadu;

And journeys on through fabulous dimensions
Of time and space, to measureless expansions,
Tracing the mystic venture of the soul
Along its bright and labyrinthine trail.

A blessed region, a celestial season,
A realm where magic rules and outlaws reason,
A poet's universe of song and sight,
Of ecstasy and radiance and delight;

An atmosphere too exquisite, too pure
To mix with cruder substance and endure.

Whether a man from Porlock, or our own
Unbidden daemon casts the crucial stone,
The end's the same: the most we can redeem
Is but a fragment of the dream.

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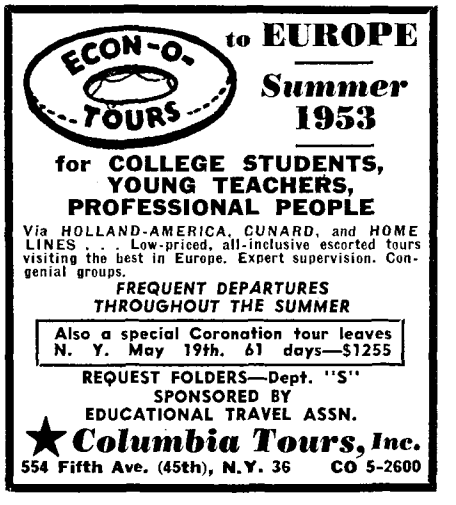
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On the Horizon

WE'VE just come down from our lookout tower, where we've been scanning the horizon for approaching books, and have to report somewhat ruefully that there's almost certain to be a lot of congestion in port the third week of this month. Three of the most important vessels headed this way fly the same flag, that of the house of Harper, with Farrar, Straus & Young and Knopf sponsoring one each. The appended notes indicate how they looked to us a fortnight away. Prices and dates are, of course, subject to the traditional last-minute changes without notice.

The Second Sex. By Simone de Beauvoir. Alfred A. Knopf. $10. February 23. Students of the subject to which Dr. Alfred C. Kinsey gave his name will find that Mlle. de Beauvoir has provided them with something new to talk about at cocktail parties. Mlle. de Beauvoir is the wife of Jean-Paul Sartre and a lady of letters in her own right. She is forty-four and the holder of a Ph.D. from the Sorbonne, whose faculty she graced until a decade ago. Of her long list of novels, plays, and essays, only a novel, "The Blood of Others" (Knopf, 1948), has been published in the United States.

Like many other members of her sex, Mlle. de Beauvoir has given much thought to woman's estate, but she is among the few to take the trouble to produce a tome about it. After years of library research and the exercise of French and feminine insight, she produced an "analysis of what it means to be a woman in body, in mind, in spirit . . . employing the resources of biology, psychology, sociology, history, literature, and philosophy." Published in 1949 in two volumes by the Paris firm of Gallimard, "Le Deuxieme Sexe" immediately became a best-seller and a best subject for cafe arguments along the Seine. Knopf put Howard Madison Parshley, Smith College zoologist ("The Science of Human Reproduction," "The Science of Good Behavior") to work translating and editing it for American consumption. Readers who have had a peek believe that the French furor will be repeated here.

Incidentally, Dr. Kinsey recently told a newspaperman that he hoped to have his volume on the distaff side of the subject in the bookstores before 1953 is out. He and his associates finished collecting their data on the sexual behavior of the human female more than a year ago, he said, but they've encountered more trouble tabulating them than they expected.

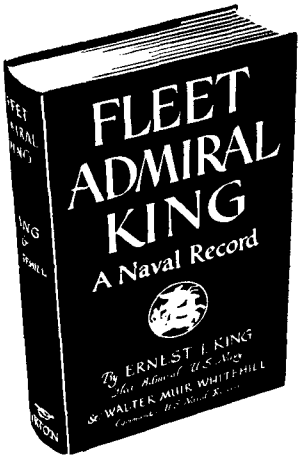
Hitler: A Study in Tyranny. By Alan Bullock. Harper & Bros. $6. February 18. Nine years ago, thanks in large part to the efforts of the Book-of-the-Month Club, thousands of Americans were poring over Konrad Heiden's "Der Fuehrer" (Houghton Mifflin), which, it was generally agreed, was the best biography of the man then in control of the European continent. But a lot has happened since then, both to Mr. Hitler and to the sources available about him. Alan Bullock, an Oxford historian who served as European correspondent for the British Broadcasting Company during World War II, is the first man to attempt to tell the whole story of his career. When "Hitler: A Study in Tyranny" was published in England last autumn, critics there gave it high marks as a soundly critical and highly readable volume, especially important because of the wide range of material it taps, of which the evidence presented at the Nuremberg trials is perhaps the most illuminating.

Big Business. By David E. Lilienthal. Harper. $3. February 18. Not much has been heard from David E. Lilienthal since he retired from public life in 1946, after fifteen years of distinguished service on the Wisconsin Public Service Commission, the Tennessee Valley Authority, and the Atomic Energy Commission. He's coming back into the limelight with a book that will surprise many readers: a vigorous and challenging statement of the case for Big Business. He offers suggestions as to how our laws might be revised to benefit not only Big Business but small business—and the public. His new book out of his typewriter, Lilienthal is off to Berlin as member of a team seeking ways to bolster the faltering economy of one of the free world's two cities inside the Iron Curtain.

The New Force. By Ralph E. Lapp. Harper. $3. February 18. One of the most distinctive figures of this mid-century decade is the physicist so appalled by the latest fruits of his own and his fellow scientists' labors that he spends much of his time urging the human race quickly to take the steps necessary to assure their use for peaceful rather than destructive ends. Ralph E. Lapp is one of them: he's co-author of a textbook on "Nuclear Radiation Physics" (Prentice-Hall); his experiences working with the Manhattan Project during the war alarmed him so much that he wrote a memorable book four years ago called "Must We Hide?" (Addison-Wesley). His forthcoming book gives a detailed inside story of atomic experimentation from prewar experimentation through the A-bomb to the H-bomb, with due attention to the personalities of the men involved. Naturally Dr. Lapp emphasizes the lessons learned and suggests ways that they be applied.

Five Gentlemen from Japan. By Frank Gibney. Farrar, Straus & Young. $4. February 19. The gentlemen in question are a farmer-laborer, a steel industry foreman, a former admiral turned industrialist, a young newspaperman, and the Emperor himself. Mr. Gibney, a *Time* magazine man who has spent some time in Japan, has chosen the quintet as pegs upon which to hang an analysis of the Japanese people, their heritage, their problems, and their possibilities. Despite the device, the book is less a collection of portraits of representative men than a serious exposition of the character of our one-time foe now fast becoming friend and ally.

—RAYMOND WALTERS, JR.



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NORTON

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THE TRUMANS LEAVE THE WHITE HOUSE

(Continued from page 11)

sorry to have had his party lose. As a President, he was anxious to have the policies for which he had battled continued here and abroad. As a man, however, he looked forward to the freedom Americans have but which is denied their Presidents.

"I come from hardy Kentucky stock that prized their independence," he told me. "I'll be glad to be home. When I get there, I'll be able to go to the post office whenever I want to, take a walk down Main Street, and even go to the bank."

ON THE day before the inauguration, Mr. Truman paid a visit to the Hamilton National Bank. Although only a few blocks from the White House, he had to be taken to it in a limousine accompanied by a carful of Secret Service men. His last visit as President to his Washington bank was quite different from his first.

One morning when he was new at the job, he had wanted to cash a check. In his innocence he put on his hat and walked out the front door on what seemed a simple errand. To his horror he held up traffic for half an hour, and such a crowd gathered around the bank that no one could get in—or out. Finally, he himself had to be rescued by the Secret Service. After this experience he let someone else do his banking for him. He discovered he could not shop or buy even a valentine for Mrs. Truman or Margaret. As he put it in "Mr. President," "It is something to be Chief of State."

"But what about all the power a President has?" I asked. "How does it feel to have it and to be giving it up?"

"The Presidency," he answered, "is the greatest job in the world. The President has more power than anyone in history—Caesar, Genghis Khan, Napoleon, or Victoria at the height of her Empire. He must always remember, however, that he is a private citizen of a democracy, who will become one soon again. His one job is to consider the best interests of all other private citizens. He must also remember that a decision of his can affect hundreds of millions of people."

"It must be terrible to know that a sneeze of yours can be heard around the world."

Mr. Truman's reply was, "The President must be careful not to sneeze just so as to have that sneeze heard around the world."

Such power means facing labors that would have appalled Hercules. During the weeks before the change these labors were even more arduous for the President and all around him than they would ordinarily have been. Moving at any time is an ordeal. Moving on a Presidential scale is an occupation admitting no union hours and permitting no rest. More accurately, it is a private torture which must be so conducted that the public business can be carried on as if nothing were happening.

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—TIME Magazine's Literary Survey of 1952

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an Inauguration Day the most spectacular moment in this slow scene-changing occurs between eleven-thirty, when the outgoing President leaves the White House, and two-thirty, when it must be ready for its next occupants. Only the permanent White House staff and the personal servants of the departing and arriving Presidents are present at this Cox-and-Box shift. One family's suitcases vanish in some mysterious fashion and those of their successors arrive no less mysteriously. Meanwhile the bedrooms, hotel-wise, have to be prepared for the incoming guests so as to create the illusion that they have never been occupied before. Meanwhile, too, the kitchen staff, that had served one family the breakfast of its choice, must be ready to serve dinner to another family whose tastes are as yet unknown.

The Trumans had begun their moving when the President decided not to run again. What had started at the leisurely pace all people hope will continue, when they have warning that they are going to change homes, had become more and more frenzied in its tempo. Such large items as Margaret's piano must have been troublesome enough. But then there were all the gifts, welcome or goofy, with which a Presidential family is burdened. There was also the sizable library (300 crates) the President had himself collected.

Worst of all, there were the back-breaking, hernia-causing steel files (some seventy-five for Mrs. Truman's correspondence, some 400 for the President's papers) which, until the Truman Library is built at Grandview, Mo., are to be housed in the Jackson County Court House or the Federal Reserve Building in Kansas City. No wonder, when someone asked the President what his plans were, he said he was uncertain about everything except that it would take him at least three months to find his socks and neckties in all the stuff shipped to Independence.

During the Trumans' final weeks the transformation had reached its climax. While painters in the Executive Offices moved from room to room, in some miraculous fashion in the White House and in both wings not only was the illusion of serenity maintained but each day's business was accomplished as if nothing unusual were happening. The whole permanence and impermanence, the change and yet the continuity of free government, find a symbol in this moving out and moving in.

In the Cabinet room the old leather chairs disappeared one by one, and new leather chairs, smelling new and with no name plates on their backs,

replaced them around the coffin-shaped table presented by Jesse Jones to FDR in 1941. The corridor leading to the President's office was suddenly denuded of the President's cartoons of himself, his honorary degrees, and his photographs of Civil War generals.

AS FOR the President's office itself, each day took its toll. The four Liberators of the Western Hemisphere, Washington, Bolivar, San Martin, and Hidalgo, were among the first to go. The Du Plessis portrait of Franklin presented by De Gaulle soon followed. Another day a silhouette of FDR, a framed photograph of the "Mighty Mo," and some lithographs of the Wright Brothers' plane had been removed. Then the desk was cleared of its keepsakes—the gold four-leaf clover, the tiny ivory statue of Gandhi, the four handsome desk pens, and the small reproduction of the *Chicago Tribune*'s front page announcing "DEWEY DEFEATS TRUMAN." Next the table behind the President's chair was emptied of its family photographs. It was as if an autumn wind had stripped a tree, leaf by leaf. Finally, even the American and Presidential flags were no longer standing at either side of Mr. Truman's chair. The apple-green walls had been washed. The chairs, the bare desk, and the oval light-green rug with the seal of the President of the United States woven in its center were ready for the next President.

There remained only the globe, used by General Eisenhower in Europe from 1942 to 1945 and presented to President Truman in July 1946. Mr. Truman had given it back to the General in December 1952 as an historic memento. "Look at that globe," the President said to me one morning. "It looks large, doesn't it? Its diameter is thirty inches. But don't forget that it has shrunk to the size of an orange."

One might think the nation's and the world's problems would have been enough to overtax Mr. Truman's strength during those hectic days and nights. A President, however, enjoys no vacation from every kind of demand on his time and energy. While the "State of the Union" and budget messages were being prepared in draft after draft, while his final Annual Economic Report to Congress was being readied, and he himself was writing his farewell address to the nation, a flood of documents and letters was deluging the President's desk and hundreds of people were clamoring to see him.

Meantime the never-stopping avalanche of Presidential mail poured into the White House. During certain crises, as when MacArthur was dismissed, as many as 100,000 letters were received in a week. Although the figure once sank as low as 5,000, the number has averaged 12,000 to 15,000. All of this mail has had to be answered. Whenever possible, the Government department concerned has done the answering. Even so, the White House secretariat faced an overwhelming task.

There were letters from all parts of the country and the world. Some came from very literate people who confessed they were writing for the first time to a public figure, others from those whose respect for the President was as great as their knowledge of spelling and grammar was small. There were incessant requests that birthday greetings, messages of condolence, or salutations to business, professional, and veteran groups be sent. There was crank mail and fan mail. There were letters of praise from distinguished historians or unknown citizens in remote villages. There were threatening letters, which were at once turned over to the FBI.

The President at his own request was given a daily digest. Among the unfavorable comments he read such lines as these: from a man in Pittsburgh, "With all your ego I suppose you think you are about tops. We never had a President who has done our nation so much harm"; from Wisconsin, "I would suggest that history record your dynasty in red ink"; or from Connecticut, "You evidently intend to leave office with the reputation of having slipped a stiletto between the ribs of the American people which in the last election gave you and your kind the thoroughest reprimand ever dealt through electoral processes to any bunch of politicians in the history of the world."

The letters of praise almost always outnumbered those of abuse and by a large percentage. This was particularly true during the final weeks. A farm woman in Maryland wrote, "Maybe we worshiped FDR like a god apart, but it has been you we've loved because we felt you one of us." From New York came, "As a Negro, I am most grateful to you for your tireless efforts to secure for my people those rights and those privileges guaranteed us by the Constitution." From Tennessee there was a note saying, "Your good wife and fine daughter have both set splendid examples for those who will follow." A Georgian's comment was, "You, the fightingest President of them all, have a special corner

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in my heart and in the hearts of millions of us little men."

In addition to everything else, the Trumans faced in their final weeks a long series of farewells. There was the last press conference, the 324th. There were the last Cabinet meeting and the last staff meeting. There were a round of farewell dinners and an endless stream of high officials who called to say good-bye. There was Mrs. Truman's reception for everyone who worked in the White House and their families. The White House takes its tone from the top. The Trumans had made it a happy place to work in and be in. They had the affection of the whole staff. Regardless of the person I talked to or his job, I heard only words of admiration for Mrs. Truman, Margaret, and the President, and expressions of gratitude for the way they did things, for their courtesy and their imaginative thoughtfulness.

Happy as the Trumans were to escape from the imprisonment of the White House, they must have had their regrets, too. They had left their mark upon it. It was under them that it had been remodeled. No one who saw the television tour Mr. Truman himself conducted can have failed to realize not only how much he cared for the place but how intimately he knew its history.

Few Presidents have been more interested in history than he. He told me that he was brought up on Carlyle, Maccaulay, Guizot, Plutarch, and Gibbon. As every reader of "Mr. President" recalls and as everyone knows who has listened to his conversation, historical parallels are constantly on his lips.

History, as he talks about it, is a key to Mr. Truman's character. He does not see it, as Toynbee or Trevelyan would, in terms of long cycles and complicated social and economic forces. His is an old-fashioned approach. He sees it in terms of its great men and believes, as he once said to William Hillman, "There is nothing new in the world except the history you do not know." Darius, Alexander, Julius Caesar, Rienzi, Napoleon, Hitler are figures he often mentions. To him their lives are object lessons in the abuse of power.

If Mr. Truman oversimplifies history, it is because, in spite of years in high office, he has remained an essentially simple person, simple in his tastes and unswerving in his loyalties, who is convinced that the terrible struggle in the world today is, in a phrase I heard him use several times to various people, a fight between the godless and the God-fearing, the moral and the unmoral.

His untarnished simplicity does not mean that the Harry S. Truman who quit the White House on January 20 is the same person who said to reporters the day after he had become President, "I don't know whether you fellows ever had a load of hay or a bull fall on you. But last night the moon, the stars, and all the planets fell on me. If you fellows ever pray, pray for me."

The humility with which he assumed office had disappeared long before Mr. Truman left the White House. Although it had been replaced by the unmistakable cockiness of a man who knows his job, the basic modesty persisted. So did the basic simplicity. Both were apparent when in his farewell address to the nation he said, "When Franklin Roosevelt died, I felt there must be a million men better qualified than I to take up the Presidential task. But the work was mine to do and I had to do it. I have tried to give it everything that was in me."

He could, and did, point with pride to many things. The country's prosperity. His resolute stand on the FEPC. His support of the UN. His veto of the McCarran Act. His dislike of McCarthy. His decision to use the A-bomb, to establish the Berlin Airlift, and to take a strong position in Greece and Turkey. His championship of the Marshall Plan and Nato. And the supreme test of Korea.

Certainly, his actions will loom large in the history of our times. Was he a little man forced by circumstances to do big things, or a big man prepared to face the challenge of the problems he had to solve? Who can tell the shadow a person will cast tomorrow until tomorrow's sun has risen?

One thing is certain. Many people everywhere felt that he was one of them. They may not have been authorities on politics and international affairs, but they liked him and they liked his family. If they admired his virtues, they forgave him his frailties. These only made him more human.

This is why, when he was no longer President, three-hundred people cheered him with such neighborly warmth in front of the Acheson home. This is why that same night thousands gathered at the station in Washington to see him, to wave to him, to call for "Harry," "Bess," and "Margaret," and to sing "Auld Lang Syne" and "For He's a Jolly Good Fellow." Due to President Eisenhower's thoughtfulness, "Mr. Truman private citizen" was traveling on the Presidential private car which had carried him to many whistle-stops and on many journeys. Having fought hard and long for freedom for others, he was now heading for his own Independence.

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THE FINE ARTS

AGAIN, TO THE LADIES!

ON several occasions I have suggested, here and elsewhere, that contemporary women painters are as greatly extending the range of creative sensibility as did the female novelists and poets of the nineteenth century—Jane Austen, the Brontë sisters, Emily Dickinson, et al. Ladies have always painted, of course. Yet in earlier times they seemed mostly to do so dressed in men's clothes or just after stacking their suffragette banners. I somehow feel that Mary Cassatt, admirable artist though she was and despite her motherly subject matter, wished deeply to be Manet or Degas; I sense in Rosa Bonheur's formidable horses a defiance of her own athletic limitations, as if she were about to wheel on a groom and say "Why can't *you* hang on to these animals?" In our own century, however, the situation has changed. My friend James Thurber's war between the sexes has been won by the women. Well, as a point of pride, let us say "nearly" won. At any rate, women have made such conquests that they feel free to be wholly themselves in public expressions of thought and emotion, to be artists without shame or envy, adulation or fear.

My claim is substantiated, I think, by the exhibition of the work of Loren MacIver and I. Rice Pereira, now at the Whitney Museum in New York and later to be shown at Des Moines, San Francisco, and Dallas. These two women are among the best American painters of their generation. Their shows prove it, though they are too big as retrospective exhibitions nearly always are. The shows prove, too, that MacIver and Pereira deserve to rank with their distinguished elder countrywoman, Georgia O'Keeffe, and with celebrated foreigners like the late Käthe Kollwitz and Marie Laurencin, whom everyone now disparages because her later art simpers, but who nevertheless will have again her marginal place.

As artists, MacIver and Pereira are almost totally opposite in style and temperament, though oddly enough their joint exhibition achieves a cohesive atmosphere of lyric grace and, at rare times, one goes so far as to wonder about a possible exchange of ideas—Pereira considering painting one of MacIver's more abstract compositions, for example, or MacIver, a new set of draftsman's instruments in her delighted hands, turning out Pereira's lovely "Spring, Twelve O'Clock." But this is illusion and it vanishes. The two women are strong and separate in their personalities. Indeed their individual decisiveness makes a good deal of the newer American (and French) painting seem distraught and wavering by comparison, as though some of their male counterparts were struggling to concentrate amid a din of incessant echoes. No wonder the two women have been singled out for applause. Their works are unmistakably theirs, even from a distance. The question of chivalry has nothing to do with the honors that have to come to them. The ladies, quite plainly, have got the stuff.

IN the beginning MacIver's progress was more consistent than Pereira's She had no formal training except for a year of Saturday classes at the Art Students League. She was then only ten years old. John I. H. Baur, who wrote the adroit and perceptive texts for the joint exhibition's catalogue, says that she spent most of her time at the League wandering from one classroom to another. I find irresistible the image of this shy, inquisitive child peering over the shoulders of the instructors. She must have made the more sensitive of them hunch their backs nervously, aware that they were being scrutinized by a youngster for whom the emergence of superior talent was only a question of time. And not much time at that. In her early twenties, at Cape Cod, she began to produce some little landscapes in which a fitful calligraphy and batik spreads of color, later to become steady ingredients of her technique, are already utilized. The mystery remains as to what decided her on the kind of world she was to celebrate as an artist—a world of intimate, poetic

—*Pierre Matisse Gallery.*

"Oil Splatters and Leaves," by Loren MacIver—"a world of intimate, poetic response . . ."

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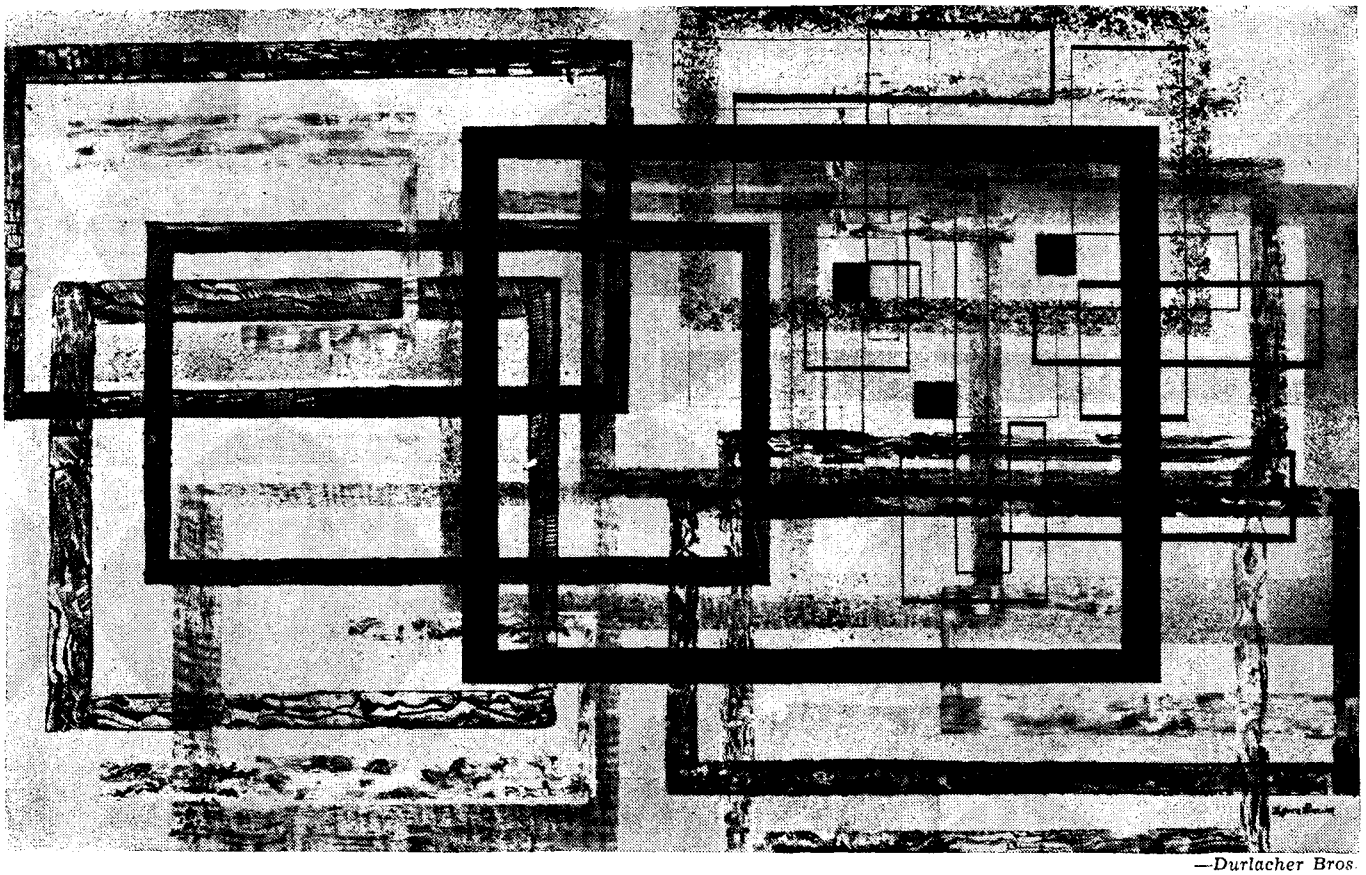

—Durlacher Bros.

"Spring, Twelve O'Clock," by I. Rice Pereira—"rich surfaces and far vistas, convincingly illuminated."

response to objects and scenes which are available to everyone but which she anoints with absolute wonder, like a child exploring its first Christmas stocking. I suspect that Klee must at that early point have meant more to her than any other artist, living or dead. But how can we be sure? To inquiries of the kind, as Mr. Baur points out, MacIver is more than likely to reply, "You know, I don't remember." At such times the aspiring art historian could cheerfully knock her block off. Except, of course, that she's telling the truth.

By the mid-Thirties MacIver began to hit her stride. From 1936 to 1939 she was enrolled in the Federal Art Project of the WPA, like so many of the very finest present-day American artists. During these and the years immediately following, she produced a number of works which, though less dextrous than her recent production, are exceptional for their emotional penetration. She seemed to find her subjects everywhere: everywhere, that is, except where traditional visual excitements might be expected to come into play. Grandeur in all its aspects left her cold, as did pre-established elegance and other forms of drama. She developed in brief her own thoroughly private sense of the picturesque; she emphasized the unassertive phenomena of daily existence; she liked particularly disused objects and abandoned vestiges of ritualistic moment. She is the artist who has poked into the ashcan of the American "Ashcan" school, rejecting the latter's exuberant proclamation of external reality in favor of a wry and memorable offstage whisper. With the exception of her series on votive lights, her art is the opposite of that of contemporary artists who have used over and over certain basic motifs—the guitar, the figure, landscape, studio properties. For the truth about MacIver (and it is a lovely truth) is that her attention wanders. No one can predict from one moment to the next what will catch her attention as a painter; we can be certain only that it will be something everyone else has overlooked. Sometimes I think the moonlight is in her special employ. But then, without it, she can create her own startling iridescence, from the flicker of candles, the luminous undulations of fish, from oil on the water and rain on glass. If you ask me, she is a remarkable painter, one of our best.

As already noted, Irene Pereira's progress was at first less swift and direct than MacIver's. From roughly 1927 to 1937 she tried out a number of styles, all of them characterized by heavy impasto, veering toward Hartley's naturalistic expressionism in the "Anchor" of 1932 or, later, toward Léger's mechano-abstract forms. Perhaps the decisive event in her training was her experience as a teacher in the WPA's Design Laboratory. This was in 1935-36, and a year later Pereira showed her first "pure" abstractions and began, with an alchemist's fervor, that long and rewarding study of methods and materials for which she is now justly famous. She had found her direction. She has stayed with it ever since, though at times (and this I admire inordinately) she has stuck a rose in her teeth and whirled in scarlet, stomping of geometry's manuals and creating flashing arabesques of color and line.

It is easy to say that Mondrian was the artist whose example formed Pereira. Yet somehow, walking through her exhibition at the Whitney, I thought of Mondrian not at all. For Pereira's art, unlike that of the great Dutchman, is not so much concerned with an ultimate balance of flat, rigid forms as with space, light and mood. She erects a lattice-work through which we peer at rich surfaces and far vistas, convincingly illuminated. Her pictures on the surface seem to have a checkerboard's discipline. But they are raised aloft, translucent, against a superlative neon display. Euclid, if he were alive, would certainly try to elope with her and thus learn about the intuitive variety of the creative, feminine mind. Her best paintings return to memory time and again. And so, as they say in the song, "Goodnight, Irene!"

—James Thrall Soby.

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At the High Noon

THE ITALIAN PAINTERS OF THE RENAISSANCE. By Bernard Berenson. New York: Garden City Books. 448 *pp.* $7.50.

By Henry McBride

EVEN before one attempts the text of Bernard Berenson's "Italian Painters of the Renaissance," which has just now been republished, and quite sumptuously, under the auspices of the Samuel Kress Foundation, one is persuaded that the new edition is entirely justified and the sumptuousness exactly apropos.

He whose memory reaches back to the turn of the century, and who recalls something of the stir caused by the original publication of these essays, will be struck at once by the long list of what might be termed the "secondary celebrities" of Italy who are now familiar to and valued by the visitors to our museums but who were by no means so well known to us before Mr. Berenson's book became obligatory reading for Americans with aspirations toward culture in the Nineties. The three or four very great masters, such as Michelangelo, Raphael, Leonardo, and Titian were, of course, known by name even to our schoolboys; but only exceptional and traveled people came back from their grand tours with a consciousness of Masaccio, Signorelli, Tintoretto, and Bellini, and not even they remembered much of such men as Sasseta, Piero della Francesca, Pisanelli, Domenico Venetziano, Piero di Cosimo, or Pollaiuolo, all of whom we now seem to know very well, and, I should say, thanks largely to Mr. Berenson.

Mr. Berenson brought this about by writing his book in language that non-professionals could understand and stressing from the first page to the last the obvious fact that art is a comment upon life and a sure clue to the spiritual estate of the land that produces it. In the simplest and most concise of terms he made it plain why the sources of Venetian prosperity had a direct bearing upon the radiant color of its artists and why the Florentines, living under stern conditions, were so starkly intellectual. Very promptly in the book he answers the inevitable question of the interested reader as to how and why the Italian Renaissance acquired its great authority—and then lost it.

In a pregnant passage he has this: "The Church, however, thus having educated people to understand painting as a language and to look to it for the expression of their sincerest feelings, could not hope to keep it always confined to the channel of religious emotion. People began to feel the need of painting as something that entered into their everyday lives almost as much as we nowadays feel the need of the newspaper; nor was this unnatural, considering that, until the invention of printing, painting was the only way, apart from direct speech, of conveying ideas to the masses."

This thought is even more disconcerting now than it was fifty years ago, if it is to be applied to our present situation and to our own hopes of greatness in the arts. What chance of contact with the masses has an artist of the present day? In view of the incessant demands upon the attention of the populace by all the known media of radio, newspaper sensationalism, and soap-box oratory, what percentage of its interest can be captured by any artist however wily? And how near to greatness can he get without it?

It may be that I have chanced upon an unfortunate and unworkable plan for greatness and that I shouldn't have brought the matter up, since it is avowedly unpractical, but I don't see that the fundamental invitation to greatness in this book—the much acclaimed recommendation of "tactile values"—is of any help, either, in these wretched days. In fact, I fear our young painters (with the possible exception of Salvador Dali, who does have occasionally a leaning towards what the French dub *trompe l'oeil,* eye-deceiving) will no longer have anything to do with it. In the old days, certainly, it was seriously considered. It was hearing my fellow-students disputing about tactile values that led me into reading the book and, if memory serves, it was usually those who were all for it who won the arguments. But I am persuaded they wouldn't win the argument today. It doesn't seem to apply to present-day tactics, and besides, involves too much work, something distasteful to all modern people. But here is Mr. Berenson's definition of it, which recurs again and again, with variations, throughout his treatise:

"Now painting is an art which aims at giving an abiding impression of artistic reality with only two dimensions. The painter must, therefore, do consciously what we all do unconsciously—construct his third dimension. And he can accomplish his task only as we accomplish ours, by giving tactile values to retinal impressions. His first business, therefore, is to rouse the tactile sense, for I must have the illusion of varying muscular sensations inside my palm and fingers corresponding to the various projections of this figure, before I shall take it for granted as real, and let it affect me lastingly."

This does seem dangerously like

"Pietà," by Giovanni Bellini (Brera Gallery, Milan). —*From "The Italian Painters of the Renaissance."*

Henry McBride was art critic of the New York Sun *from 1912 until its demise.*

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recommending the *trompe l'oeil* processes, but Mr. Berenson escapes from the charge of insisting upon this by frequently adding that his tactile values must be "life-enhancing"—which is something the camera-like verisimilitudes of the *trompe l'oeil* method cannot do except for very dull people indeed. However, we all were very dull people indeed before Mr. Berenson lent us his connoisseurship and taught us to like Duccio almost as much as Raphael. I am much afraid that, with our limited approaches of those days, it was factual realism which we mistook for tactile values and which led us on into more extended acquaintance with the Italians and which in turn, when we had bought them—for Mr. Berenson encouraged us to buy them—administered their own correctives.

The Vermilions of South France

PAUL CÉZANNE. Text by Meyer Schapiro. New York: Harry N. Abrams. 126 *pp.* $12.50.

By Erle Loran

THIS is a large and handsome book with fifty magnificent color reproductions plus sixteen half-tones that are valuable in illustrating the introductory text. An excellent practice has been carried out in presenting analytical and explanatory text on pages opposite the color reproductions, thus eliminating the tiresome necessity of plowing through a whole book every time reference is made to an illustration.

Professor Schapiro describes Cézanne's new approach to painting from nature as a "fusion of nature and self." The high-keyed color of the Impressionists was applied to the building of more solid forms; the ready-made geometrical perspective of the Renaissance was abandoned in favor of a free perception of nature that allowed the elements of linear construction and planar relationship to develop so fully that later abstract art became possible. But Cézanne's art is a "model of steadfast searching and growth," his "detachment is a heroically achieved ideal."

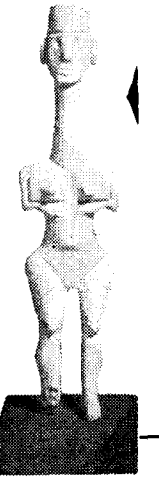
The author makes much of Cézanne's detachment. Human figures are rarely seen in his landscapes, roads are empty, and even the landscape space itself is sometimes "cut off from the spectator by a foreground of parallel bands or by some obstacle of rocks or trees." The same detachment is observed in the choice of still life subject matter. Only the "esthetic-contemplative" appetite is satisfied. The portraits, too, are noted for being rigid and impersonal. In the card player groups an even more remarkable lack of human values is observed.

Whether these qualities exist in Cézanne to a marked degree or not, they are basically literary ideas. A painting by Cézanne provides so much pure pleasure and it is so inviting to enter his painted world of color and space, that the present reviewer finds it difficult to accept the concept of "barriers" placed by Cézanne against the observer.

Professor Schapiro is at his best when analyzing the form characteristics of Cézanne's painting without fantasies of literary or psychological import. How well he has accepted the point of view of the modern painter in this regard is seen in his description of a painting on page 50, in which "the principle is clear: to break up what lies in one plane; to unite on the picture surface what lies at different depths. Through all these means and through the texture of the painting, the latter has become almost as distinct an object as any of the things it represents."

Likewise, in dealing with Cézanne's known biography, he presents a moving account of the bitter conflict with his father, his early turmoil and unsuccessful efforts at being a tempestuous romantic painter. The solution of his conflicts emerged slowly through contact with Pissarro and the gradual invention of a unique approach to painting. "The emotionality of his early pictures returns" in the 1890's in a "resurgence of intense feeling . . . The work of his last years offers effects of ecstasy and pathos which cannot be comprised within the account of Cézanne's art as constructive and serene." The author is well known among colleagues and students as a brilliant conversationalist and a scholar of amazing erudition. To his credit, the essence of Cézanne's enormous power as a creator of painting rather than as a painter of ideas dominates his approach in the end. Ultimately, he allows himself to be seduced by the work itself; fantasied meanings and motivations fade away before the splendor of the paintings.

Erle Loran, author of "Cézanne's Compositions," is professor of art at the University of California.



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Ancient Unknowns

MASTERS OF CAMPANIAN PAINTING. By Mabel M. Gabriel. New York: H. Bittner & Co. 96 pp. $12.

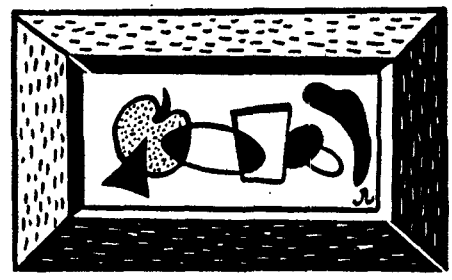
By Harry Bober

TIME often appears to act with deliberate contrariness in its selection of works of art from the past which are allowed to reach us. For instance, we know names of the greatest ancient Greek painters—Polygnotus, Zeuxis, and Apelles—preserved with legendary veneration. Yet not a single work by them exists. This perverse pattern becomes inverted in the case of Roman paintings. These survive in great numbers, but we do not know who painted them. With sovereign obstinacy scholars have ferreted out every available clue as to the appearance of the lost works by the known artists while ignoring the authors of the extant pictures.

The apparent one-sidedness of scholarship actually has a firmer basis than that prejudicial purism which once favored even the absent Greek over the present Roman works. The latter, in numerous instances, are at least indirect copies of the former. Thus they may serve as instruments in a complex deductive process by which we seek to arrive at an approximation of the lost prototypes. Important steps were taken late in the nineteenth century, giving belated recognition to the independent achievements of Roman art. One scholar (Mau) established a chronology of Pompeian painting which is still effectively employed. Another (Wickhoff) alerted us to the originality of Roman naturalism and illusionism. But there has been no systematic attempt to study the paintings with a view to discovering the "hands" of individual artists.

Mabel Gabriel's book is an heroic effort and makes a significant contribution toward correction of this neglect. She succeeds in distinguishing four painters whose distinctive traits are such that several works may be assigned to each—"masters as great as any produced by the early Renaissance." We have no way of knowing the actual names of these anonymous pagans whom Mrs. Gabriel has "christened" the Herculaneum Master (with an assistant, the Medea Master), the Tragic Master, and the Baroque Master. Whatever refinements, additions, or corrections may be introduced by subsequent scholarship, these masters seem destined to take an assured place in the literature of Roman art. Even casual perusal of the plates in this book would persuade us that here are indeed Old Masters of Roman art.

The method employed by the author in demonstrating the main argument is that of stylistic analysis based on considerations of "personality," composition, color and light, brush strokes and details. While they are uniformly



applied to each master, the categories are discussed with unequal success. There is a marked discrepancy between the treatment of color and that of "personality" (admittedly "almost an imponderable"). The analysis of color is given in painstaking detail, with admirable skill and clarity. That of "personality" is disappointingly simple in its assessment of formal and psychological traits and does injustice to the author's sympathetic and intelligent enthusiasm for the artists. Evidence of excavation reports is ingeniously used to clarify the original settings of the pictures, to support the discussion of attributions as well as the study of composition and light.

The author applies her sound scholarly background with equal effect in discussing iconographic problems. But again a discrepant note is struck in the frequent and uncompelling references to later artists such as Perugino, Botticelli, and Rodin. (Giotto suffers a probably unintentional derogation in a specious comparison.) Such broad terms as "baroque" and "impressionism" are given less than sufficient exposition considering their importance in this book. Again, little is gained by the small brickbat which is incidentally tossed at an unnamed "faddist" with a precisely named "red" and "blue" period.

The essential value of this book remains undiminished by these weaknesses. Nor is it lessened by the abortive preliminary and final sallies into the broader problems of the tradition of Italian painting as a whole and the old problem of "Orient oder Rom." Mrs. Gabriel has with patient and loving care and incredible industry given us four Old Masters out of the anonymous ranks of Roman painters. For this alone her book will not soon be forgotten.

Harry Bober is assistant professor of fine arts at Harvard University.

Titan Without Age

MICHELANGELO: His Life and His Era. By Giovanni Papini. Translated by Loretta Murnane. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. 542 pp. $10.

By Francis Henry Taylor

TOO dull, too pedestrian and beside the point to achieve even the success of vulgarity, this fictionalized encyclopedia by the celebrated author of "The Life of Christ" is the loudest blank cartridge to be fired in the recent volley of books aimed at the revivication of the Renaissance. Michelangelo emerges from these tedious pages a shapeless, nagging, unhappy little man for whom the aged author has a quavering veneration and very little feeling. The greatest artistic giant of his day is thus laid away in a carefully documented tomb, swathed in platitudes. No breath of personality invades the sterile air surrounding him; none of the majesty or excitement of Symonds, of Romain Rolland, or of the German Grimm are there; nor do we find the noble simplicity of his contemporary biographers, Condivi and Vasari. Signor Papini has once again cast himself in the role of a garrulous Bruce Barton, writing this time about "The Man Nobody Knows in Italian Art."

It is indeed a tragedy that the first English biography of Michelangelo, allegedly for the general reader, published in the twentieth century, should be in reality no biography at all but merely a compilation of the notes accumulated by the writer and his research assistants over a period of years. The 540 pages are divided into 185 chapters of a few hundred words each. One has the impression that every chapter constitutes the notes gathered on an index card on some name of Michelangelo's acquaintance that could readily be found in any one of the standard lives. These are brought together with the rather novel suggestion that the poet, architect, sculptor, and painter was a misunderstood genius and that although we don't know it, we are very lucky that he ever existed.

Despite its obvious faults and the clumsy illiteracy of the English text, for which the editor must share equal responsibility with the translator, because of its wealth of painful erudition the book is one that cannot be dismissed lightly. For, while nothing

Francis Henry Taylor is director of the Metropolitan Museum of Art.

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new is added to the picture as a whole, the infinite and detailed attention to gossip about the most obscure of Michelangelo's friends and enemies leads the reader down many provocative and rewarding byways. Moreover, here one finds probably the most useful compendium of biographical data in English on the tangle of relationships of artistic, literary, and political figures of this heroic age.

Papini's "Michelangelo" will never take the place of Symonds. The student of art must inevitably turn today to Charles de Tolnay and Redig de Campos; but Papini's companion to Renaissance studies will find its place in the library as a tool for those who have already taken the measure of this artist in the classical biographies at hand.

Art Book Notes

LETTERS IN LIFE: Practically every aspect of man's contact with lettering, from his birth to his death, from baby blocks to designs for his tomb is embraced in Raymond A. Ballinger's **"Lettering Art in Modern Use"** (Reinhold Publishing Co., New York, $12). In period of time it includes two thousand years, from ancient Rome to yesterday's streetcar poster. It is not a history of lettering, but rather an inspiration book of lettering, and vividly shows how lettering affects all phases of our lives.

Mr. Ballinger has divided lettering into six very unusual categories, which he calls Classic, Mechanical, Script, Manuscript Forms, Romantic, and Pictorial. Classic letters, as here defined, are really all undecorated roman letters with serif structure, and his examples range from classic letters in the time of Trajan to classic letters such as Onyx and Ultra Bodoni. Printers will perhaps quarrel with this simplification, since they are so used to roman letters being divided into old style, transitional, and modern. But strictly for lettering purposes, this simplification seems defensible.

Mechanical letters are those without serifs, so commonly but mistakenly called gothic. In this section are two tissue overlays of two sans-serif alphabets quite often used some years ago by such designers as A. M. Cassandre and Alexey Brodovitch. These overlays can be extremely useful to a beginner in learning the basic structure of a sans-serif letter. An experienced artist can also find many basic uses for this mechanical method. But letters of personality are never arrived at through the use of compass, T-square, and triangle alone. Spacing and delicate modeling are also required, which the author is careful to emphasize.

No part of graphic arts has received more deserved attention recently than the script letter. Part of this is due to the zealous missionary work of calligraphic enthusiasts such as Paul Standard and Arnold Bank. But others, including Ray Ballinger, have added much in the way of experimentation to this revival in writing hands. One particularly informative double spread in this section shows several specimens of different kinds of script and the tools used to accomplish each. These vary from a standard artist's drawing pen to a Japanese brush.

Under the classification of Romantic, Mr. Ballinger has grouped thirty-six pages of nineteenth century type designs. In some purist circles a great many if not most of these bewildering letters are considered hideously bad. But for many nostalgic and other effects sought for in advertising they have great inspirational value. Fletcher MacNeill and Arthur Williams, for example, have produced some superb designs using these nineteenth-century sources.

Fully a third of the book is devoted to a final section called "Masterpieces of Lettering." This contains a really beautiful and tasteful collection of specimens used in publicity, packaging, posters, books, silver, glass, fabrics, and architecture. It is magnificently printed by sheet-fed gravure. This book will be a valuable

The Criminal Record

The Saturday Review's Guide to Detective Fiction

Title and Author	*Crime, Place, and Sleuth*	*Summing Up*	*Verdict*
THE DOUBLE SHUFFLE *James Hadley Chase* (Dutton: $2.50)	Steve Harmas (insurance eye) et ux look into queer Calif. deal; death keeps pace as trail hottens.	Technical angle good; nice by-play; plot slightly chi-chi, but honest job.	Will do
JUST KILLING TIME *Richard Ellington* (Morrow: $2.50)	N.Y. Private Eye Steve Drake takes on lady client enjoying marital jam; her troubles are soon over.	TV angle important as yarn develops; pace lags in middle, picks up at end.	Time-killer, as prescribed
DEATH OF AN INTRUDER *Nedra Tyre* (Knopf: $2.50)	Lonely old maid, nice home, finds compulsory female boarder on hands, plans killing.	Plot contrived, and characters made to fit same; jolt ending.	Not up to her first
NARROW GAUGE TO MURDER *Carolyn Thomas* (Lippincott: $2.50)	College gal, thesising in Colorado mts., finds self teacherless; local law adds it up.	Plot overloaded (and cast also), but background is well-handled, and things move.	Sprightly

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aid to anyone engaged in producing or reproducing letters of any kind.

—P. J. CONKWRIGHT.

A CLASSIC REPRINTED: Ten years ago Frederic W. Goudy had just completed two jobs in California. The first was a type face, designed exclusively for the University of California Press, called California Old Style. The second was a revision and enlargement of two books he had previously published in the 1920's, "The Alphabet" and "Elements of Lettering." These two books, so useful to lettering artists and printers, had long been out of print. Under the encouragement and assistance of the late Samuel Farquhar, Goudy prepared a new edition, which was composed in the new California Old Style.

Although the book, now republished as **"The Alphabet and Elements of Lettering"** (University of California Press, $7.50), contains a good summary of the history of the alphabet, its real importance lies in the twenty-seven plates of fifteen alphabets. Nowhere else can the development of the roman letter be seen in such compact form, and for purposes of comparison it is ideal. Among the alphabets included are classic Roman from the base of the Trajan column, black letter as used by Gutenberg, Sweynheim and Pannartz, Jensen, Caslon, Bodoni, and Kennerley. This book has been reprinted from the 1942 edition, and the offset reproduction is exceptionally fine. —P. J. C.

RECORD OF A GREAT TYPE DESIGNER: Jan van Krimpen is best known in this country as the creator of Lutetia type, which has been used by many discriminating printers for over twenty years. But some of his finest designs are little known. Romance, Romulus, Spectrum, and Sheldon are some of these. It is difficult not to use superlatives when describing Van Krimpen's work, but the choicest superlatives should be reserved for three of his designs. His Cancelleresca bastarda, a script to be used with Romulus, is one of the most beautiful ever drawn. His Antigone Greek and the open capitals designed to accompany it are simply magnificent.

John Dreyfus's **"The Work of J. van Krimpen"** (Macmillan, $9) is an illustrated record of Van Krimpen's work with the famous Netherlands type foundry, Enschede, during the past thirty-five years. Mr. Dreyfus's appreciative biographical commentary is interesting and illuminating, but the eighty pages of illustrations showing text and title pages, monograms, postage stamps and many other designs form the record of Van Krimpen's work. —P. J. C.

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CROW'S NEST TRIPS TO EUROPE. Sixth Summer 1953. Language teacher and French wife tour Europe extensively but leisurely in own private automobiles. All ages. ALSO Mediterranean land-cruise October-December 1953 for seven persons. Donald R. Hart, Jr., The Gunnery, Washington, Connecticut.

INTERESTING OPPORTUNITY FOR YOUNG WOMAN college graduate—preferably though not necessarily an English major—with some secretarial background leading toward well-paying position as secretary to top executive of leading downtown firm. Good initial salary plus liberal treatment on vacations and holidays. Please submit complete resume of background and experience. Box N-367.

PERSONALS

GOING TO EUROPE? June '53 college graduate would go with you—French major, operated nursery school, typist. Box N-361.

FULL-TIME TUTORING, small college teaching or position as traveling companion desired by woman, 35, A.B. Journalism, M.A. English. All details on request. Box N-360.

TEACHER, 27, desires companion or governess position. D.M.J., 900 Portland Ave., St. Paul Park, Minn.

REGISTERED NURSE would like to travel July and August as companion or nurse. Box N-356.

LIBRARIAN, versatile experience, young man, available summer position. Box N-355.

EDUCATED ATTRACTIVE BUSINESSWOMEN (2) seek interesting position—desire to go Abroad or Mexico. Box N-354.

NEW YORK WRITER wishes share her home on Mobile Bay. $25 per month, no one over 50. European preferred. Box N-352.

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CULTURED ENGLISHWOMAN wishes accommodate Americans in England. Lovely 16th Century Sussex Home. Box N-349.

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ATTRACTIVE GIRL, college graduate, (ex-dancer), good receptionist-typist, experienced, seeks diversified job where theatrical background would be useful. Box N-366.

WANTED: Striking instances of TACT in history, literature or life. Box N-362.

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WANTED: A Book of Poetry. Title: "All Kinds of Weather." Box N-370.

WIDOW AND TWO SONS will accept any honest work for summer beginning June 1. Teaches commerce. Can operate switchboard. Box N-371.

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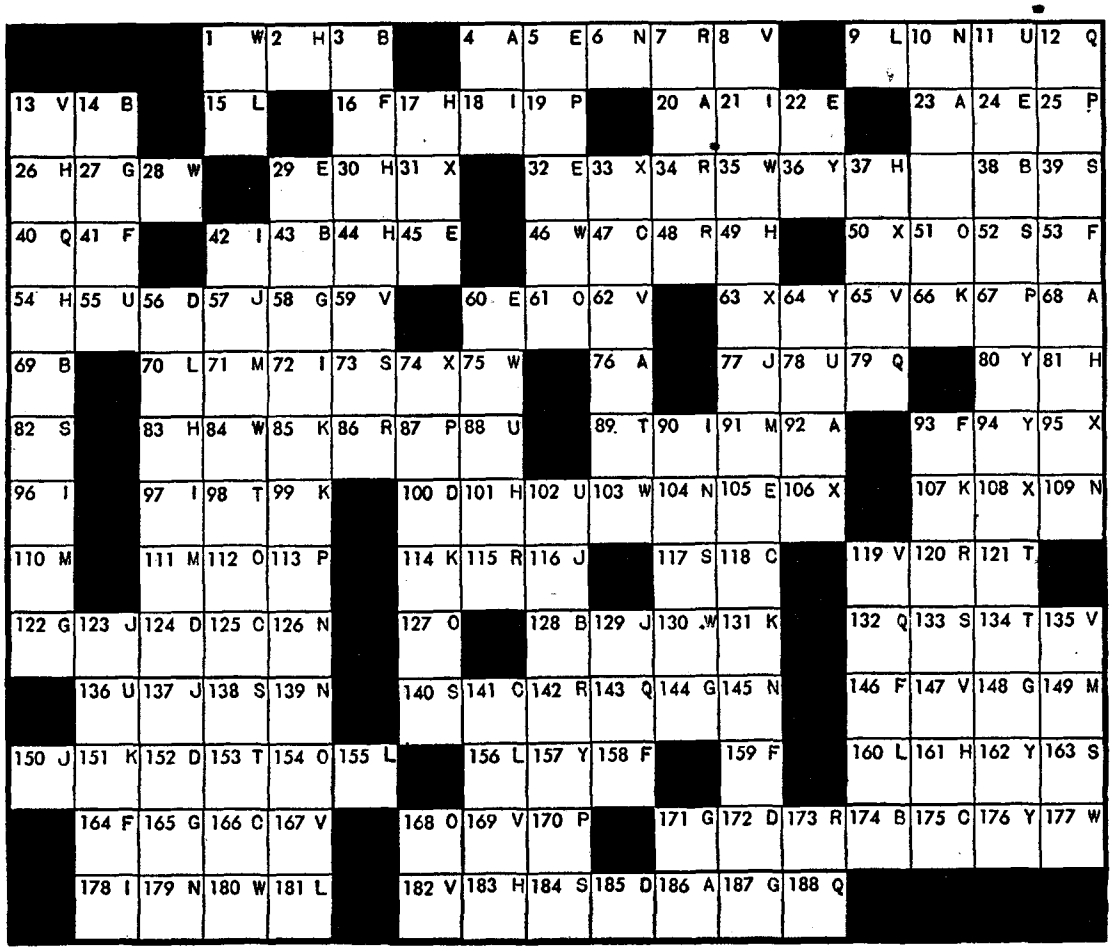
By Doris Nash Wortman

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
A. Ancient temple, center of religious life of Tibet.	23 186 92 20 76 4 68
B. Famous wife of Alfred Stieglitz.	43 128 3 14 38 174 69
C. American Rhodes scholar at Oxford, 1910, now a leading anthropologist.	47 175 141 125 166 118
D. Marriageable (said of a girl).	56 124 100 152 185 172
E. The King's Messenger in "Alice" assumed an Anglo-Saxon one.	45 29 32 5 60 24 22 105
F. A coastal region.	16 146 41 158 93 53 159 164
G. Affecting great numbers.	27 171 187 144 58 122 165 148
H. Conjunctivitis due to a foreign body in the eye.	183 37 81 54 26 30 49 2 101 83 44 17 161
I. Slaughterhouse (a favorite word in a spelling bee)	21 42 90 178 97 18 72 96
J. Official collection of ecclesiastical laws, completed by the Roman Catholic Church, 1918 (2 wds.).	129 150 116 77 123 57 137
K. False hoof of many an ungulate.	151 99 107 114 66 85 131
L. Envoys.	155 160 9 15 181 70 156

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
M. Throw up.	149 71 111 91 110
N. Having low boiling-point and high Baumé gravity (comp.).	126 104 6 179 109 10 145 139
O. German theologian, head of the "Protestant Friends," 1841.	51 112 154 127 168 61
P. One of the four chief Panhellenic festivals.	19 87 25 113 67 170
Q. Scene of defeat of Lancastrians by Edward IV (1461).	188 40 79 132 12 143
R. Sense of well-being; buoyancy.	34 142 86 7 115 173 120 48
S. Discourse extravagantly, even incoherently.	52 133 138 184 140 39 82 117 73 163
T. Present editor, Saturday Evening Post.	98 134 89 153 121
U. He wrote the revival hymn "Throw Out the Life Line" (1851-1929).	55 11 136 78 102 88
V. Leading commercial nation of Europe in 17th cent.	167 62 8 119 182 13 65 169 147 59 135
W. Chief player in a children's game, featuring a sort of no man's land (2 wds.).	46 130 177 1 180 28 75 35 84 103
X. Always discerning and discreet (comp.).	31 63 74 106 33 108 50 95
Y. Renewed attention to something.	176 157 36 64 94 80 162



DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-odd words, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. The letters in each word to be guessed are numbered. These numbers appear under the dashes in the column headed WORDS. There is a dash for each letter in the required word. The key letters in the squares are for convenience, indicating to which word in the definitions each letter in the diagram belongs. When you have guessed a word, fill it in on the dashes; then write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square of the puzzle diagram. When the squares are all filled in you will find (by reading from left to right) a quotation from a famous author. Read up and down the letters mean nothing. The black squares indicate ends of words; words do not necessarily end at the right side of the diagram.

When the column headed WORDS is filled in, the initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Authority for spelling and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary (second edition).

Solution of last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 20 of this issue.

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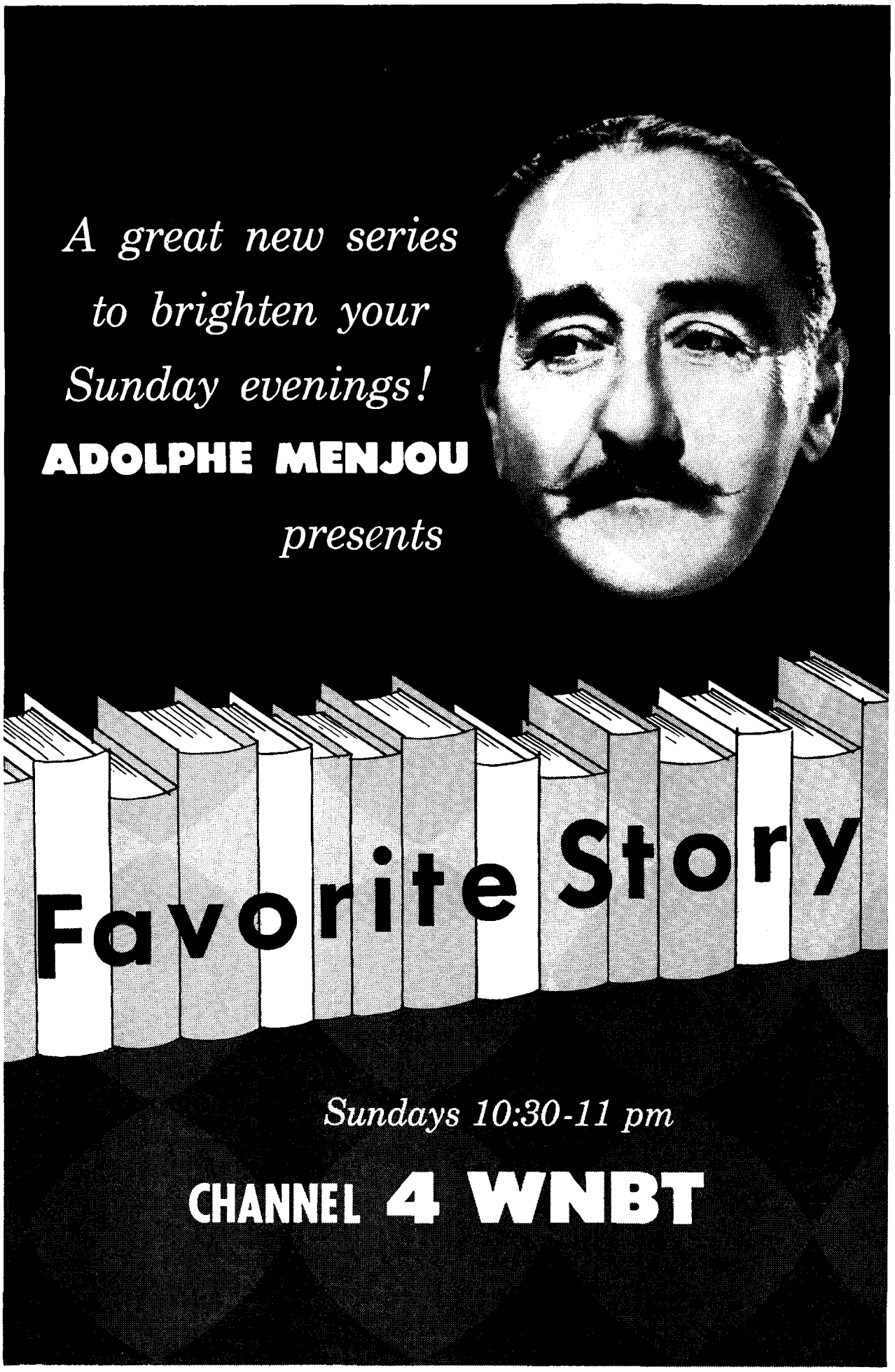

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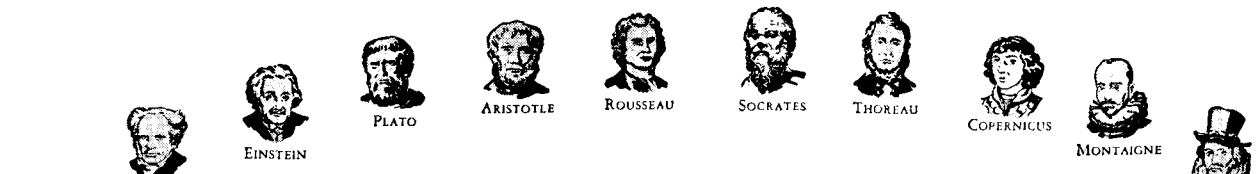

They too were worried about life and the world...let them help you find understanding

Spinoza

Confucius

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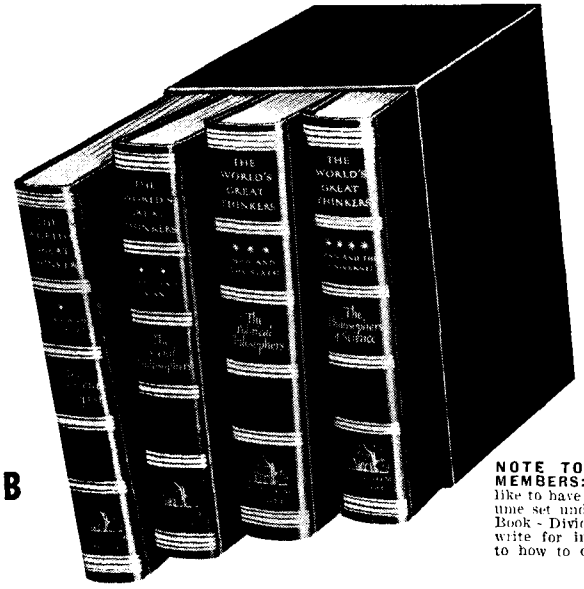

Nietzsche

Freud

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